

NO.
10

CAPTAIN AMERICA

JAN.



T.M. REG.
APP. FOR
U.S. PAT.
OFFICE

COMICS

Would BUCKY'S be another terrible death in the Chamber of Horror, or would CAPTAIN AMERICA be in time?

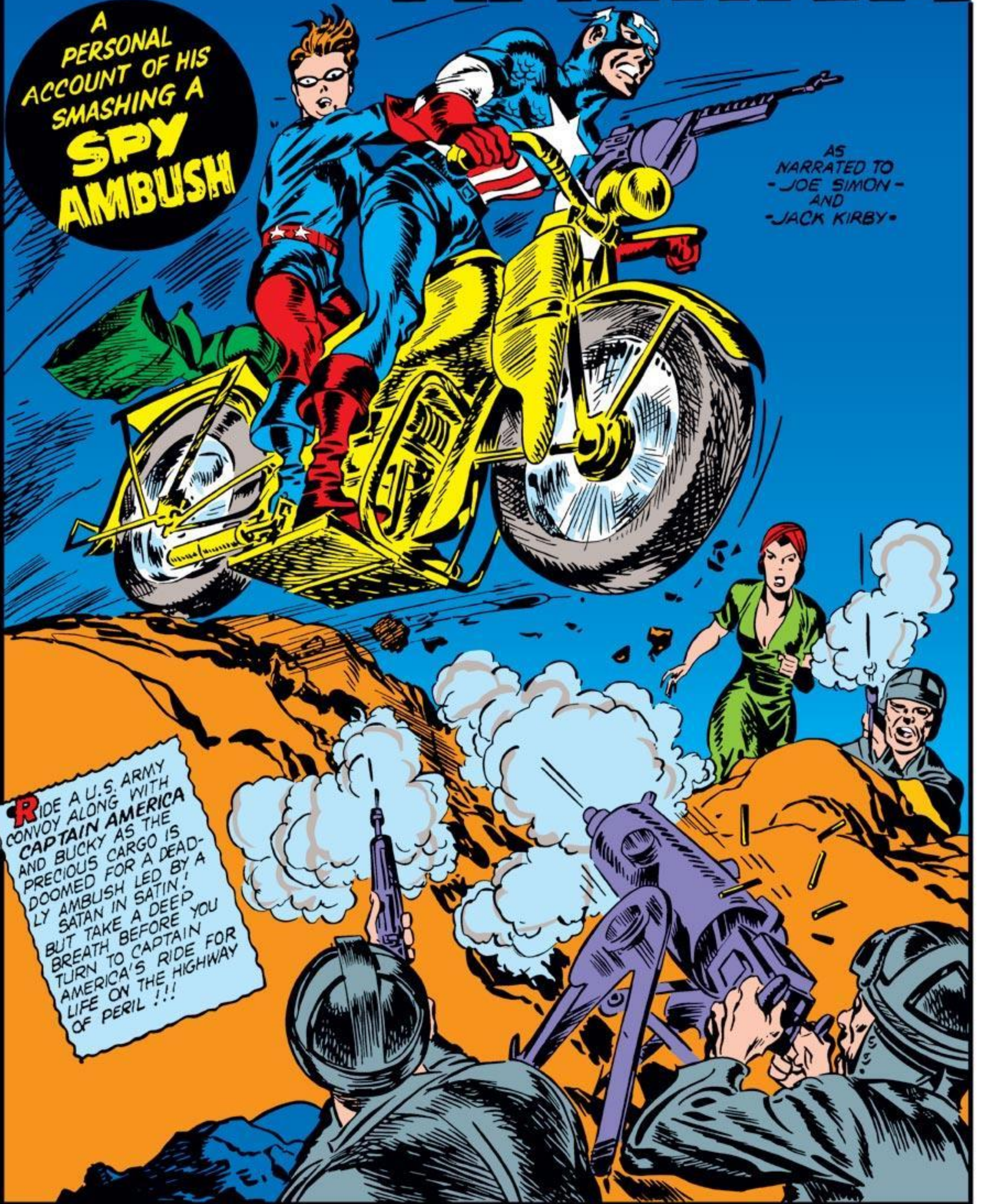
10¢



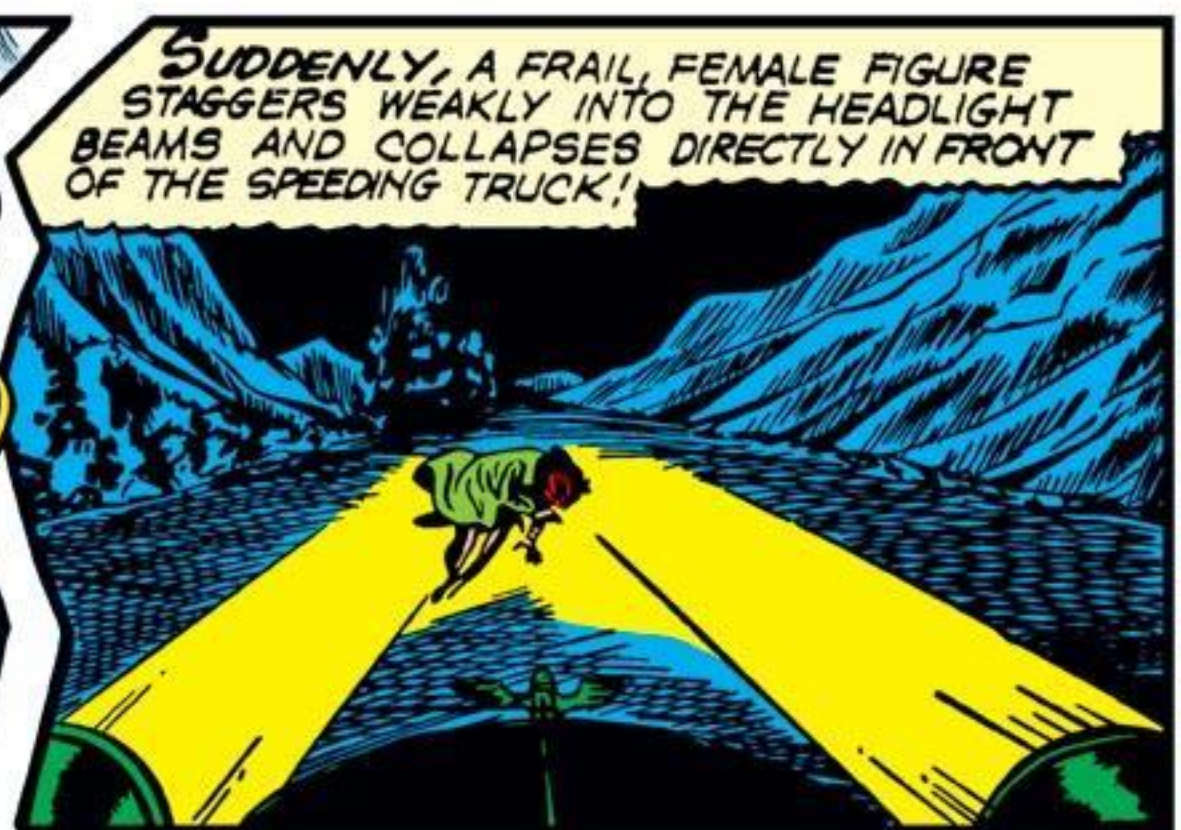
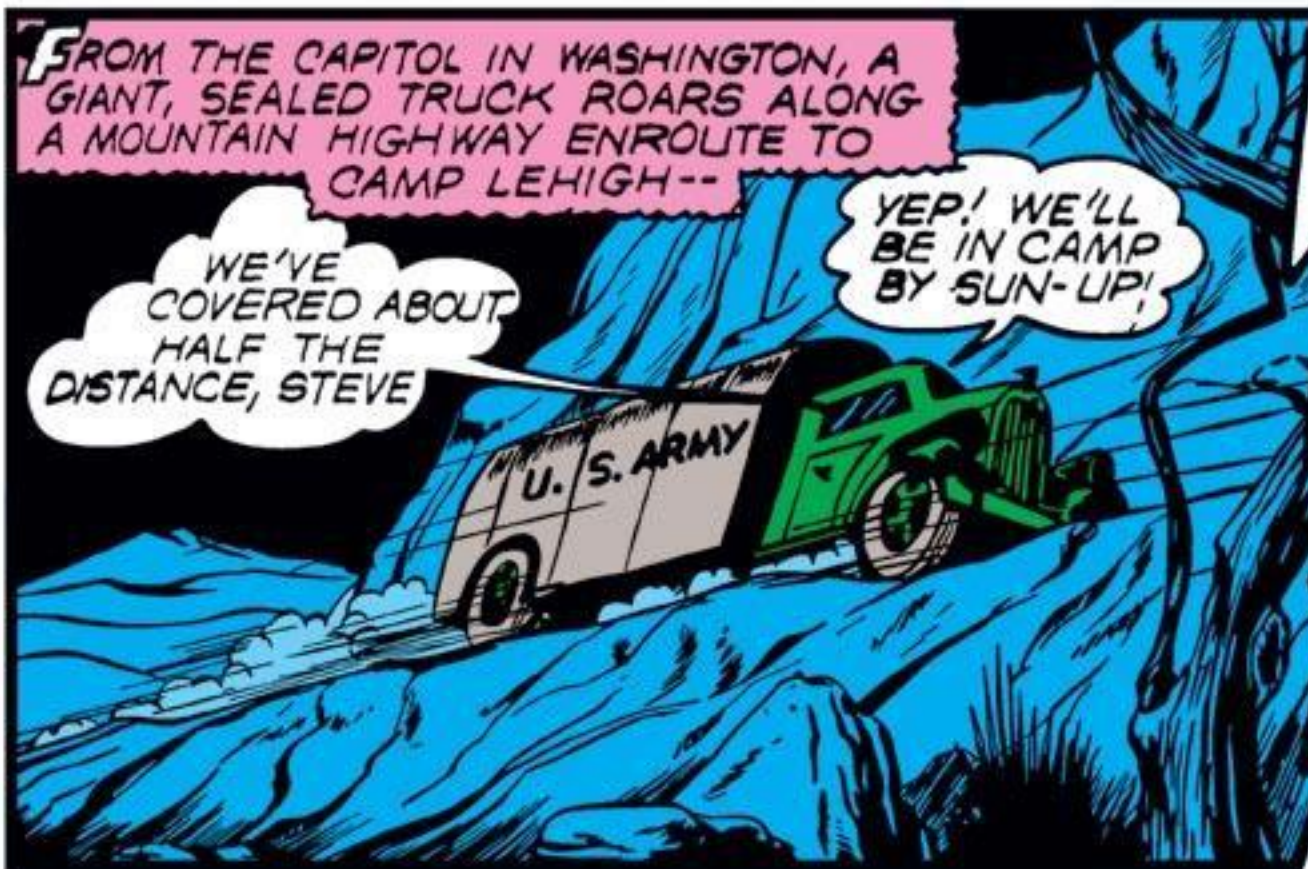
CAPTAIN AMERICA

A
PERSONAL
ACCOUNT OF HIS
SMASHING A
SPY
AMBUSH

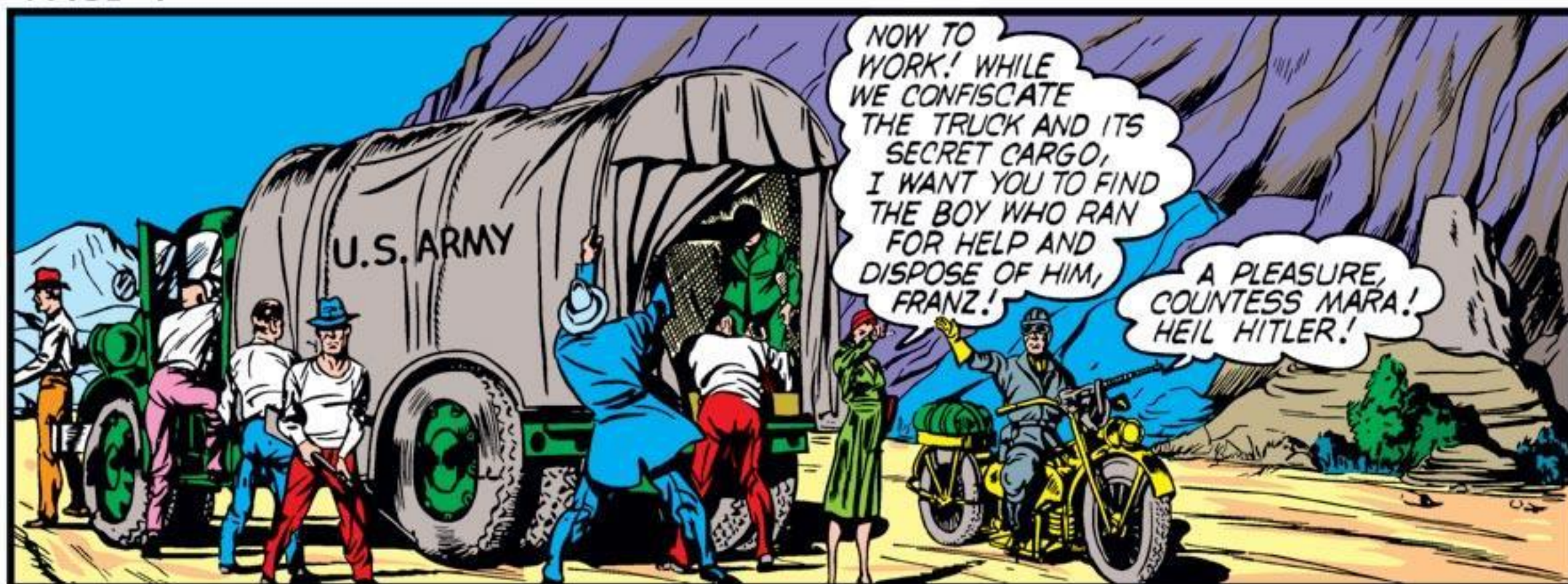
AS
NARRATED TO
- JOE SIMON -
AND
- JACK KIRBY -



RIDE A U.S. ARMY
CONVOY ALONG WITH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY AS THE
PRECIOUS CARGO IS
DOOMED FOR A DEAD-
LY AMBUSH LED BY A
SATAN IN DEEP
BUT TAKE A DEEP
BREATH BEFORE YOU
TURN TO CAPTAIN
AMERICA'S RIDE FOR
LIFE ON THE HIGHWAY
OF PERIL !!!







AS THE CAPTURED TRUCK AND THE MOTORCYCLE DEPART, A FIGURE STIRS IN THE ROADSIDE BRUSH--ONE WHOM THE RAIDERS THOUGHT THEY HAD DESTROYED!



ONLY A BODY OF TREMENDOUS STRENGTH COULD HAVE WITHSTOOD THE GRENADE BLAST--STEVE ROGERS ARISES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA!



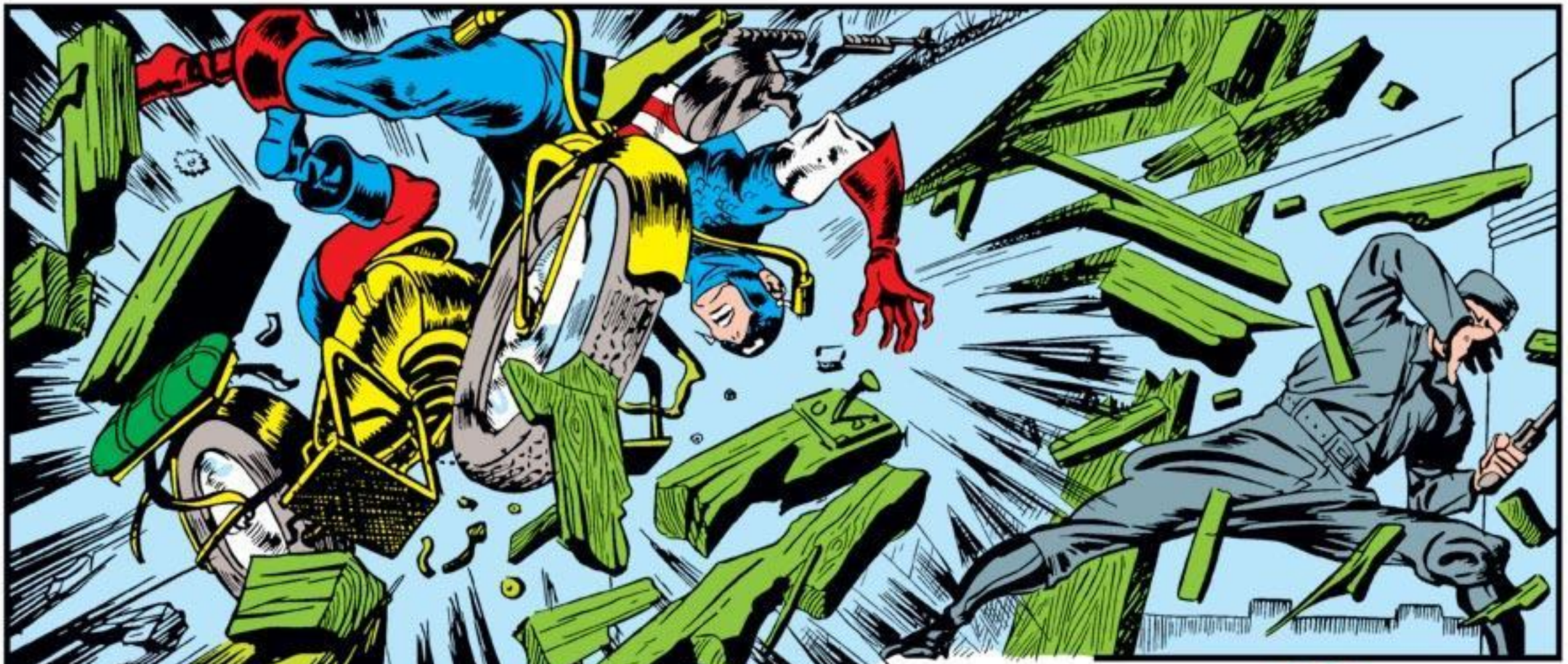
MEANWHILE, FRANZ INTERCEPTS BUCKY ON HIS MERCY ERRAND



BEFORE THE NAZI CAN OPEN FIRE, HE IS SWEEPED OFF HIS MOTORCYCLE--AN UNCONSCIOUS HEAP IN THE DUST-- THE VICTIM OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FLYING SHIELD!







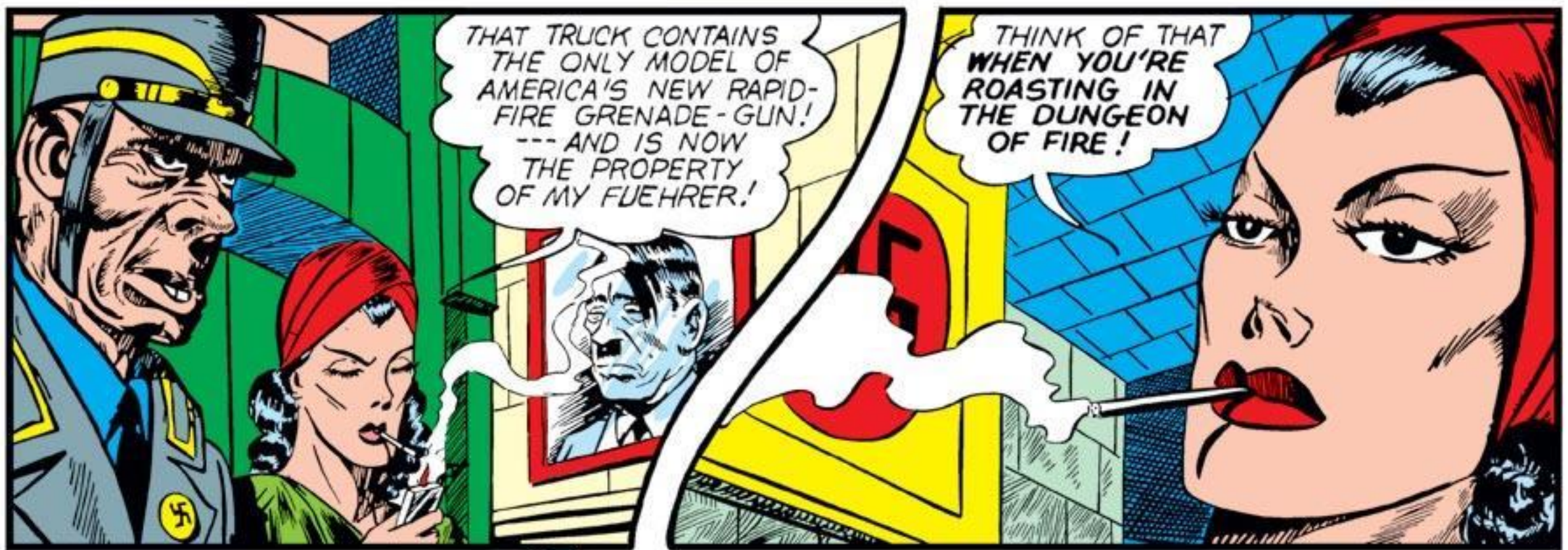
SEEMINGLY OVERWHELMED BY THE SWARM OF NAZI ATTACKERS, CAP AND BUCKY TEAR VICIOUSLY INTO THE THICK OF THEIR OPPONENTS-- DRIVING THEM BACK WITH THEIR MATCHLESS FIGHTING POWER!

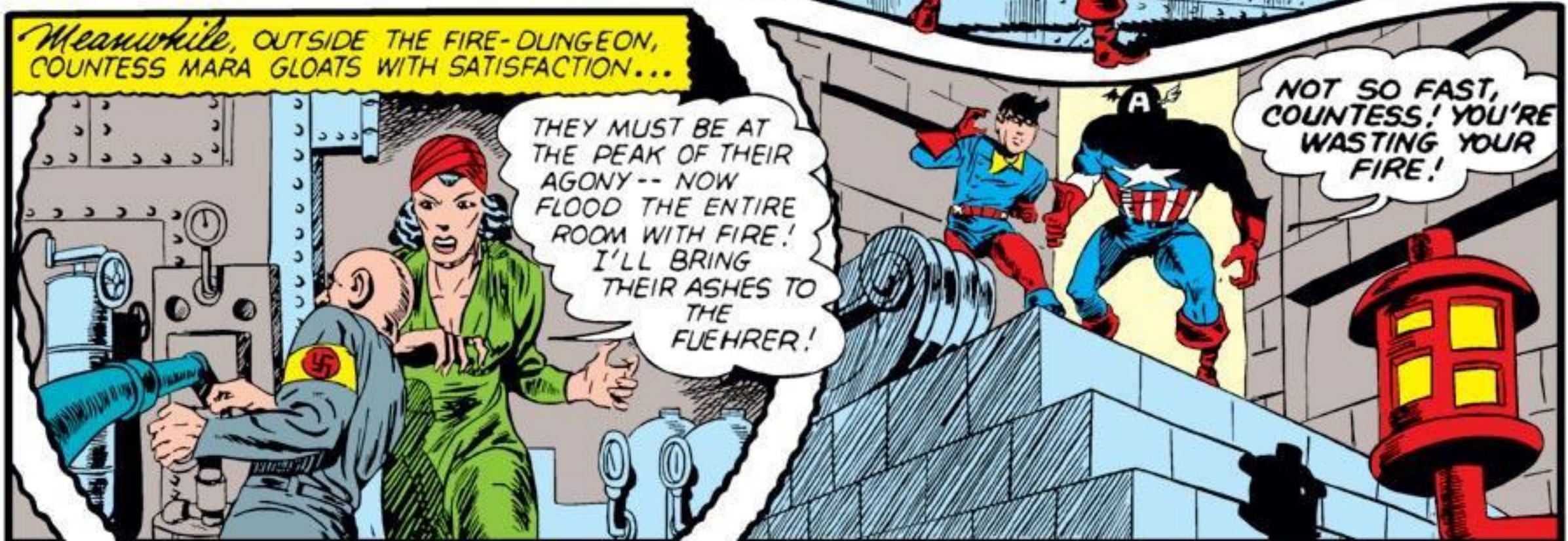
YAHOO!

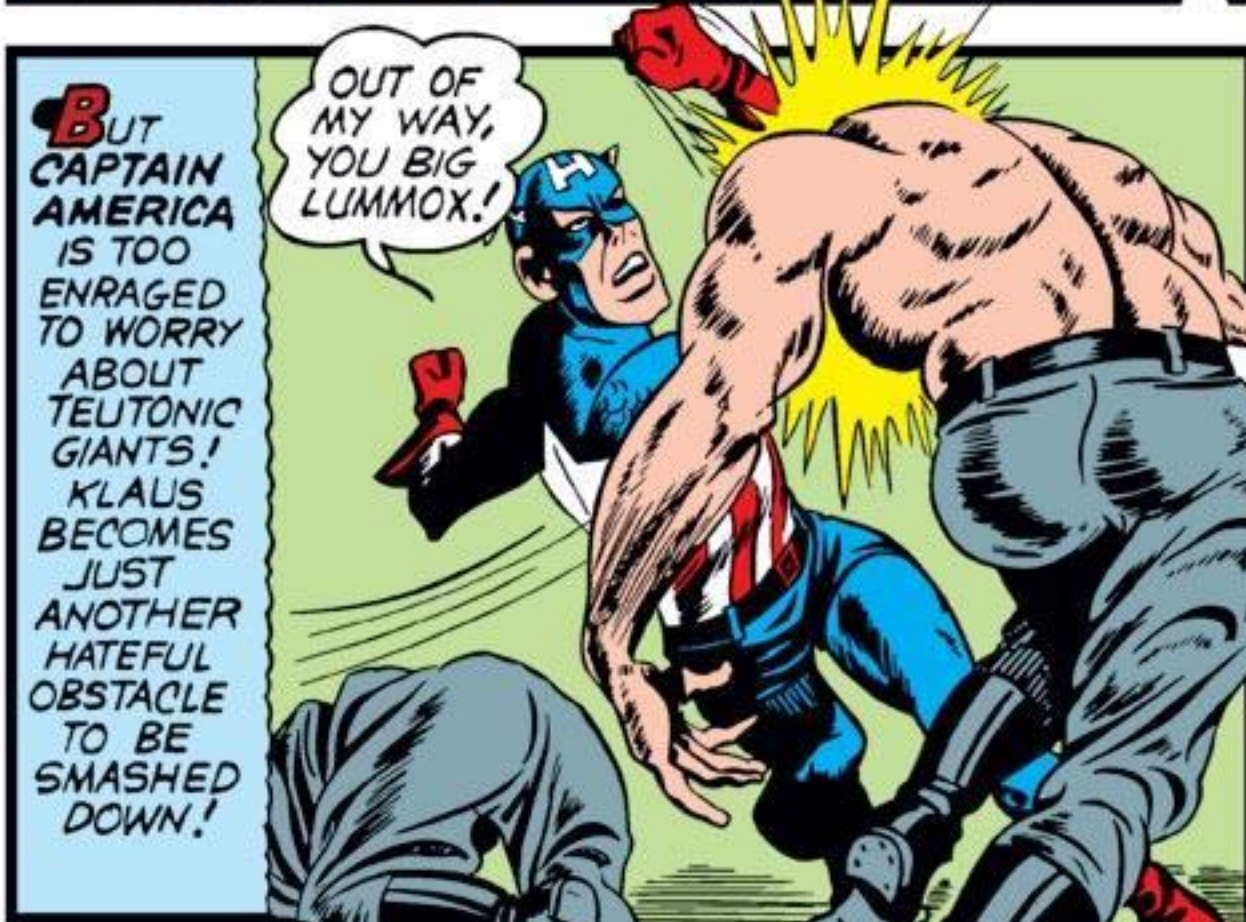
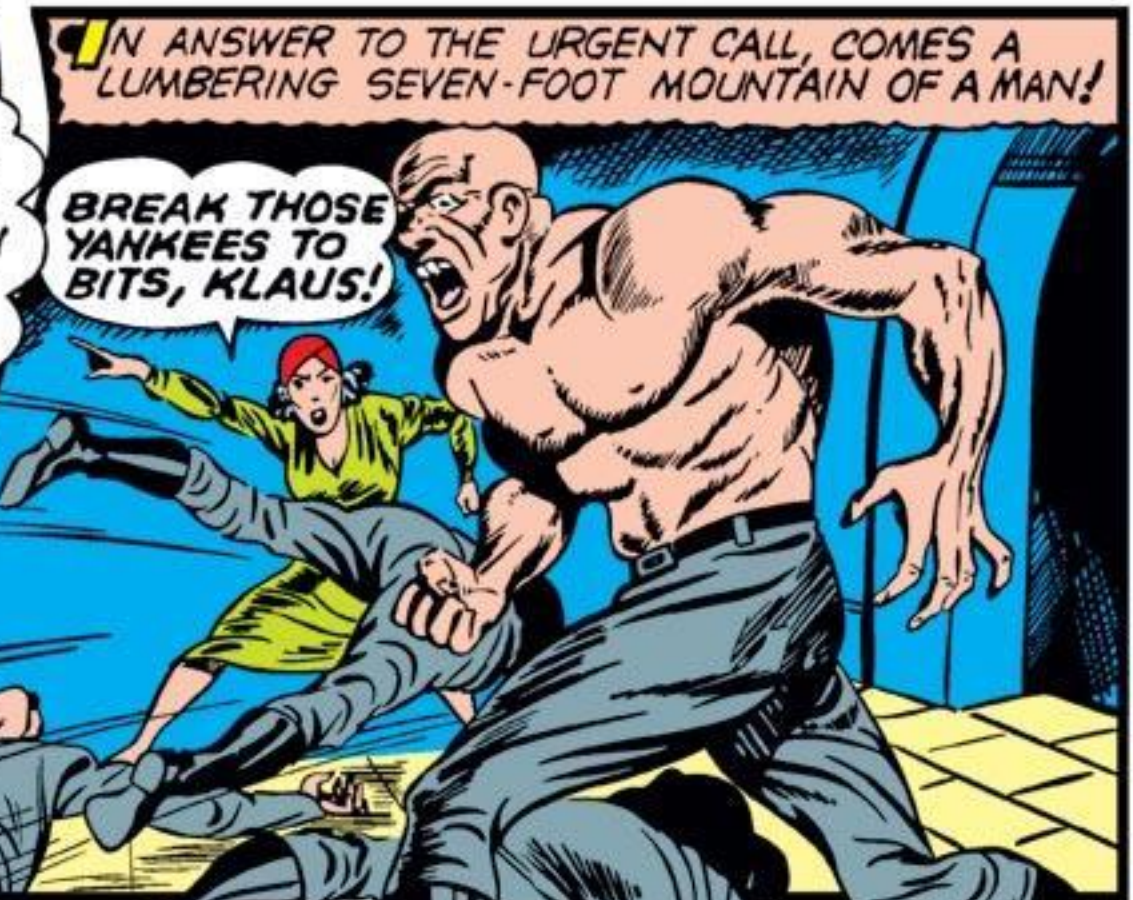
HERE'S THE TRUCK!!
BUCKY!!
LET'S GET IT!

U.S.A.
W-0157









The REBOUNDED GRENADE STRIKES THE ARSENAL FILLED WITH MUNITIONS AND HIDING NAZIS---WHO VANISH IN AN EARTH-SHAKING BLAST THAT TEARS AWAY HALF OF THE CASTLE...





The MAYOR OF A GREAT AMERICAN CITY BROADCASTS A NATION-WIDE REQUEST...

GOTHAM CITY IS READY FOR ITS BIG DEFENSE DRIVE CELEBRATION! IF CAPTAIN AMERICA IS LISTENING IN, I APPEAL TO HIM TO COME HERE IN PERSON TO HELP MAKE THIS PROGRAM A SUCCESS!



While IN CAMP LEHIGH...

CAPTAIN AMERICA STANDS AS A SYMBOL OF OUR READINESS TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! I HOPE HE WILL ACCEPT THIS INVITATION!



GEE, STEVE! WHY DON'T YOU ACCEPT? WE'D HAVE A LOT O' FUN

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S WISE FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO CHANCE AN OVERDOSE OF PUBLICITY---

BUT STEVE! WE'LL STILL BE DOING OUR JOB FOR AMERICA BY HELPING TO SELL DEFENSE BONDS-- AND WE CAN HAVE A SWELL TIME BESIDES! WHAT'DYA SAY WE GO?



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! WE'VE GOT A FURLOUGH COMING, ANYWAY!

WHOOPEE!! GOTHAM CITY, HERE WE COME!



THAT NIGHT, A LETTER IS MAILED IN A NEARBY TOWN



The NEXT MORNING, THE MAYOR OF GOTHAM CITY RECEIVES THE ANSWER TO HIS BROADCAST!

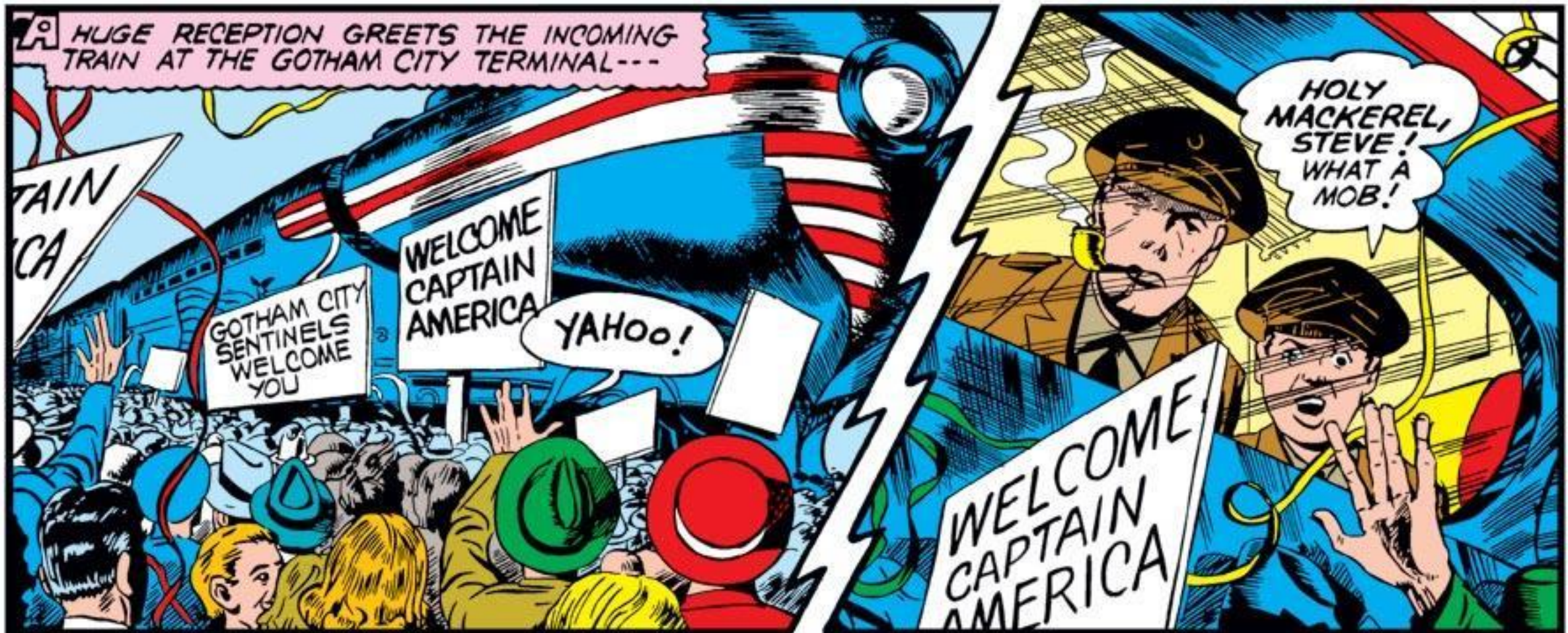
HE'S ACCEPTED! CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS ACCEPTED!



The AFTERNOON PRESS FAIRLY SHOUTS THE GLAD TIDINGS!

DAILY PRESS
CAPTAIN AMERICA ACCEPTS MAYOR'S INVITATION!
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PREPARING HUGE WELCOME DEMONSTRATIONS
CROWDS JAM RAILROAD DEPOT AWAIT CRIME-FIGHTERS' ARRIVAL
CROOKS LEAVE CITY





LATER, CAP AND BUCKY ARE WELL RECEIVED IN THE LUXURIOUS HOTEL ZARAGON...



CAPTAIN AMERICA IS TAKEN TO HIS SUITE ON THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR--



OH, MY GOODNESS! I FORGOT! THERE ARE SOME TELEGRAMS OF GOOD WISHES AT THE DESK FOR YOU--



BUT DOWNSTAIRS, BUCKY GETS A STRANGE RECEPTION...



WHAT KINDA TALK IS THAT? YOU JUST THANKED CAP TO PIECES FOR COMING TO THIS JOINT!



YOU'RE MAKING TROUBLE, YOUNG MAN! I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN OUT OF HERE!

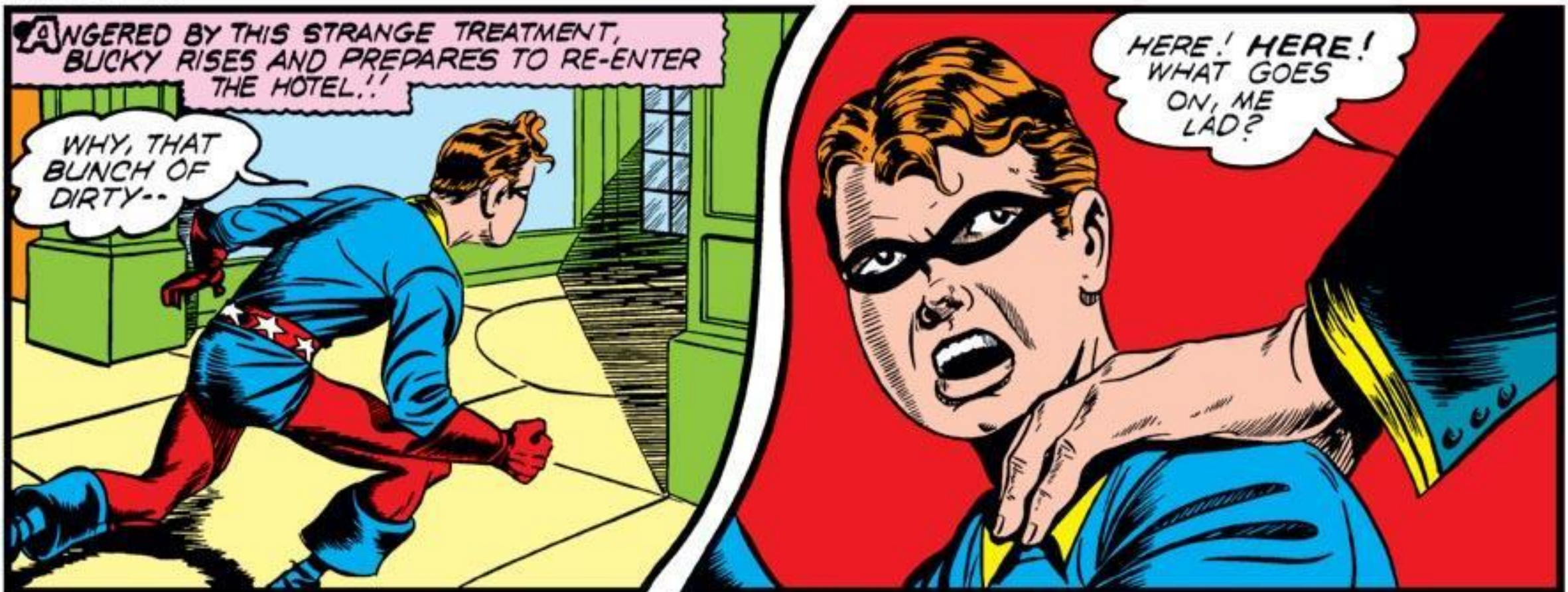


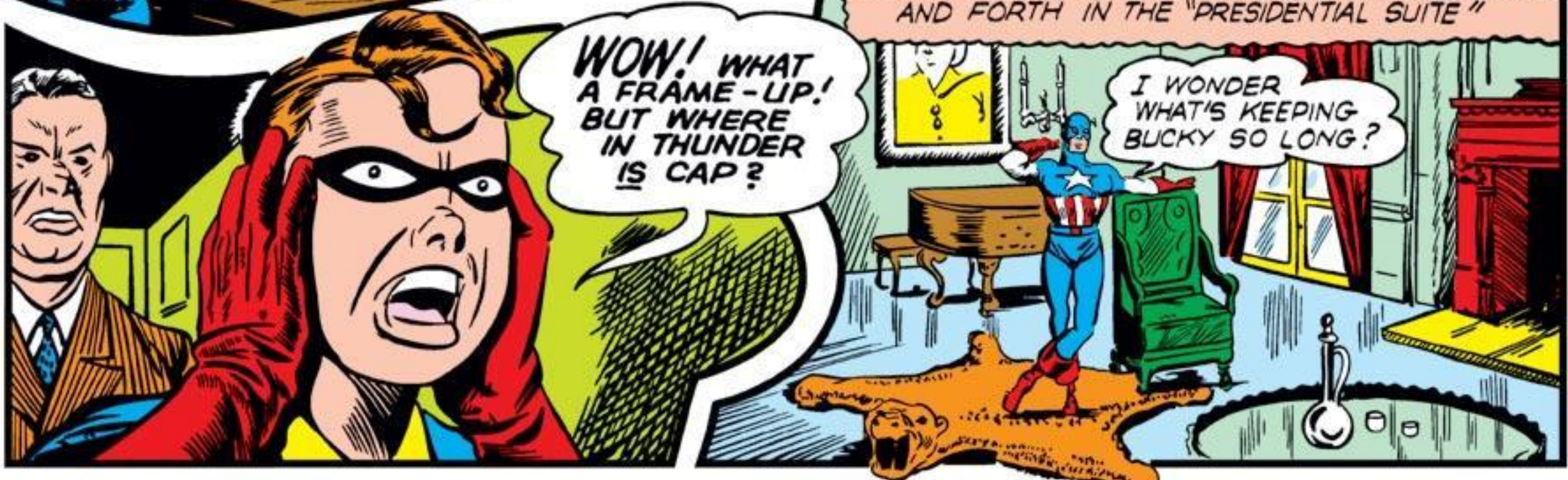
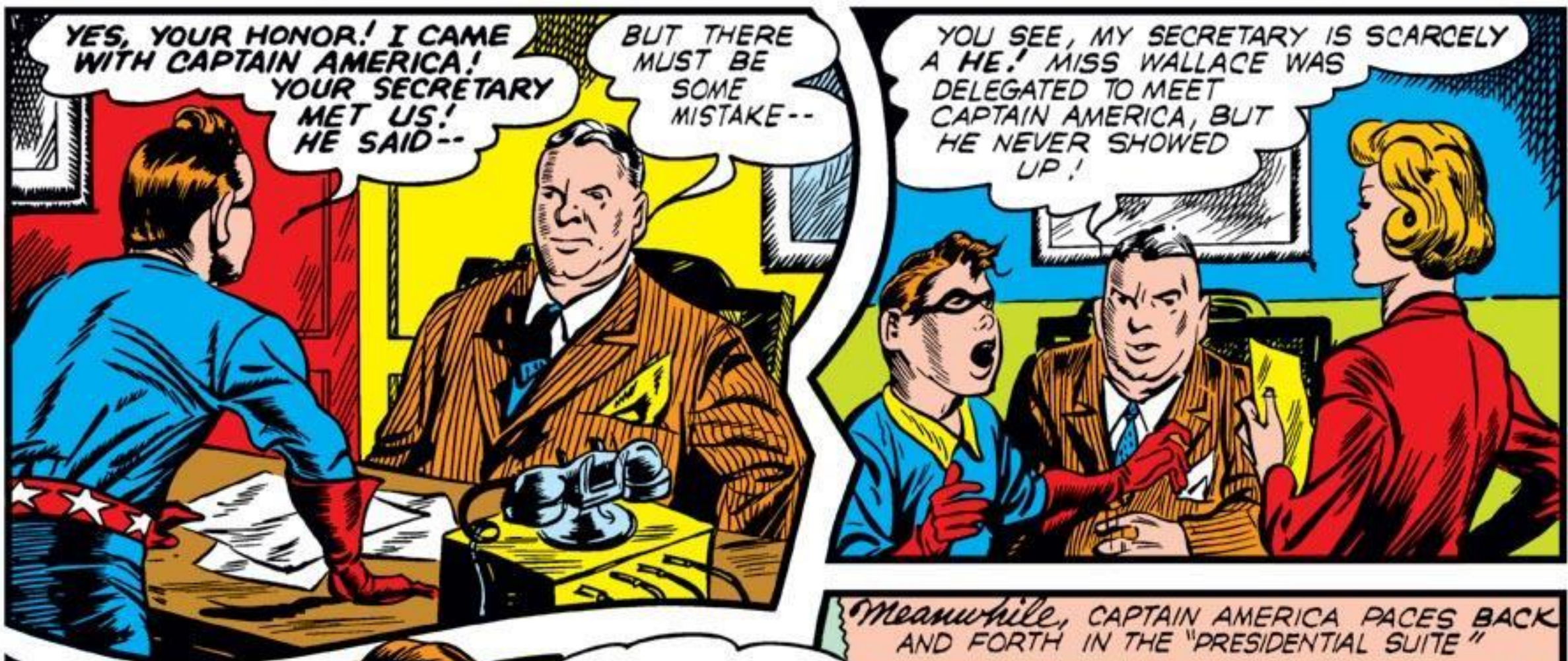
IN RESPONSE TO THE RINGING OF THE BELL, THREE BURLY BELLHOPS SWAMP THE STARTLED BUCKY!!



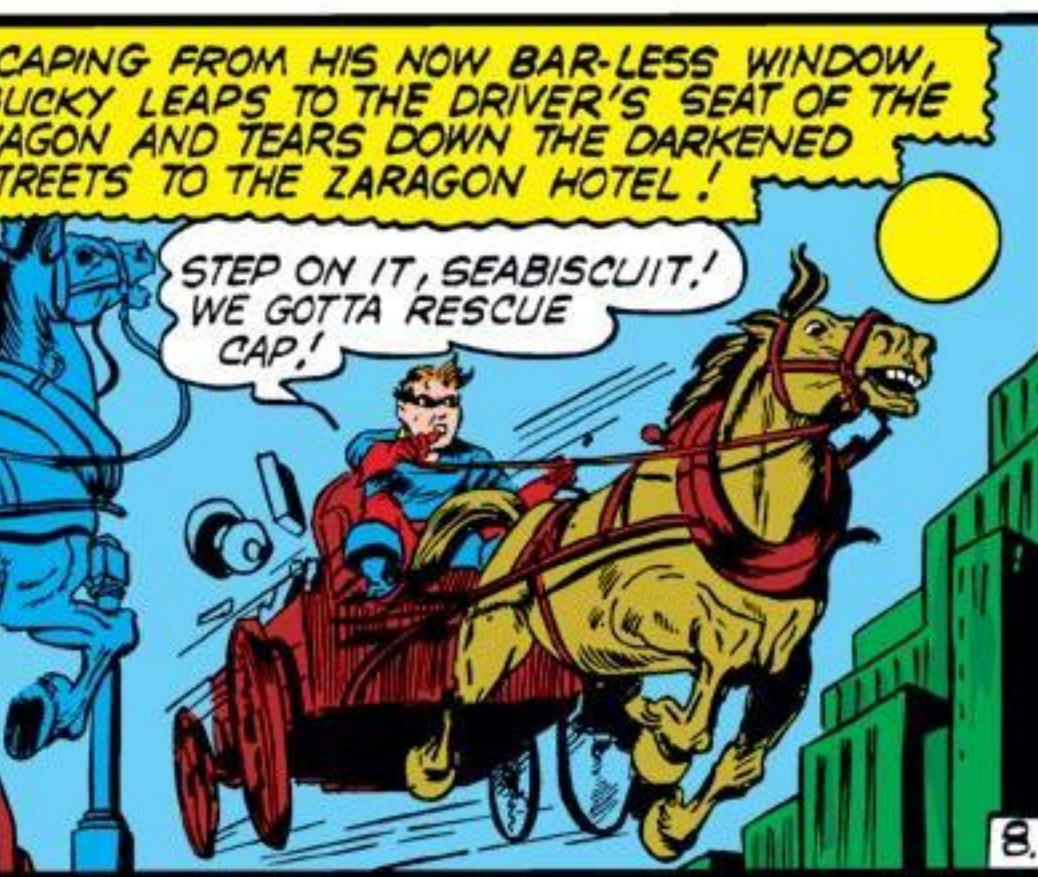
SURPRISED BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS, BUCKY IS HEAVED OUT OF THE HOTEL ON THE SIDEWALK PAVEMENT--





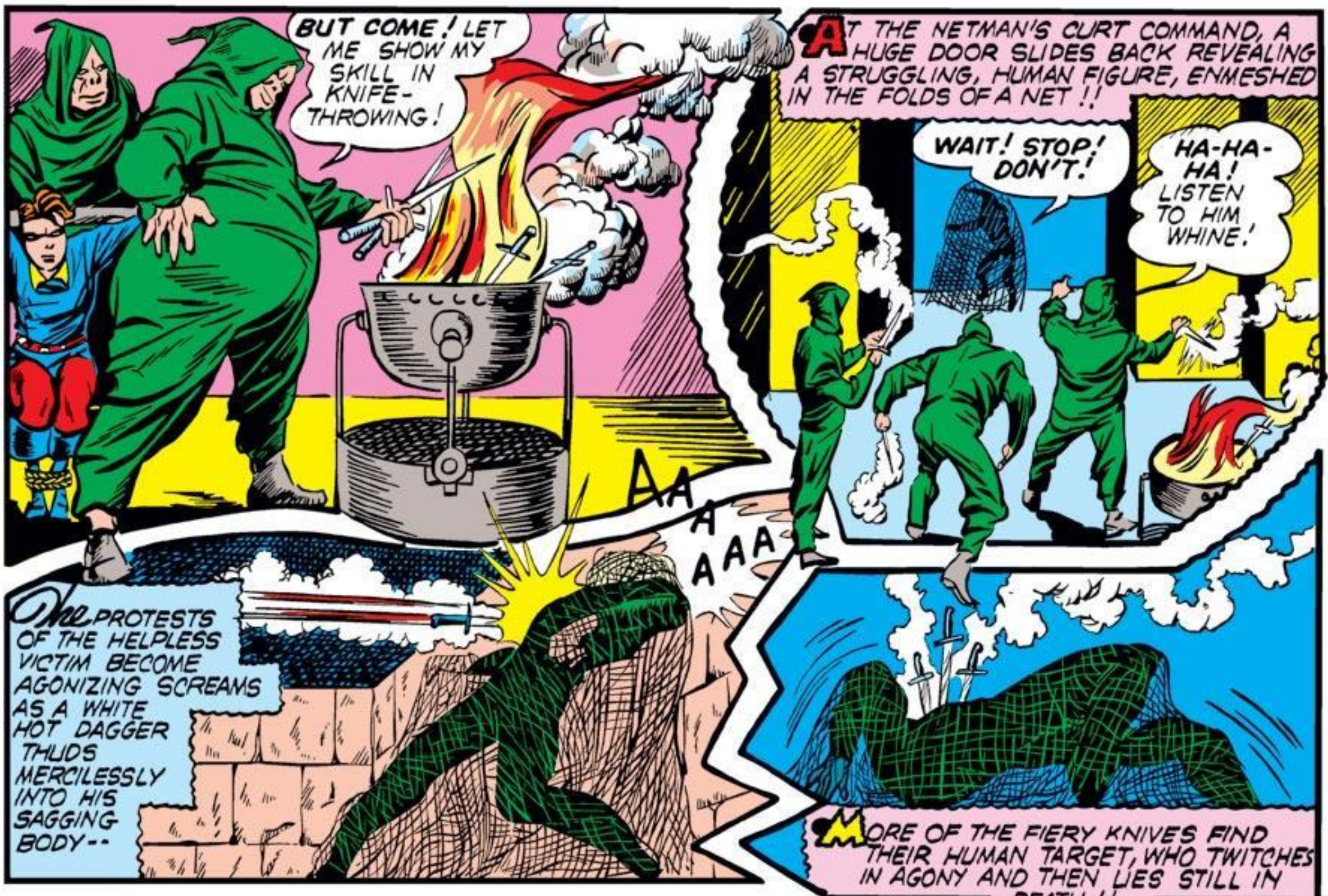
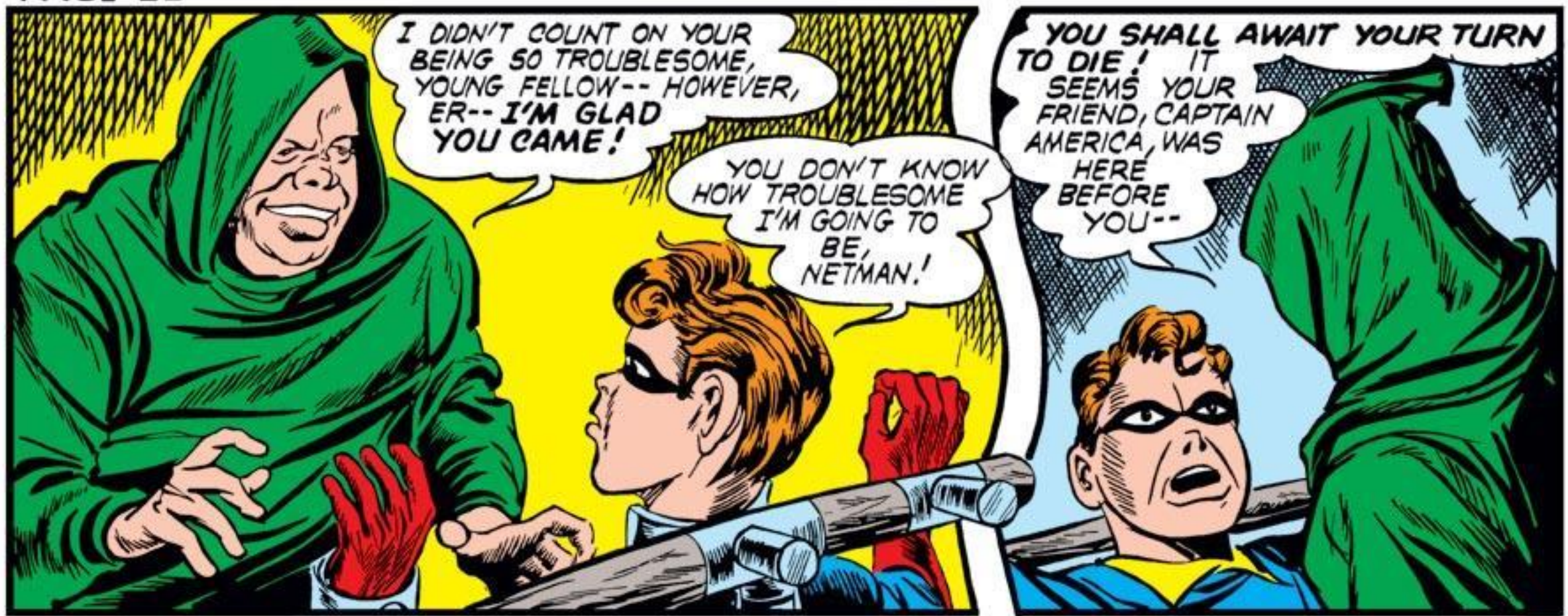


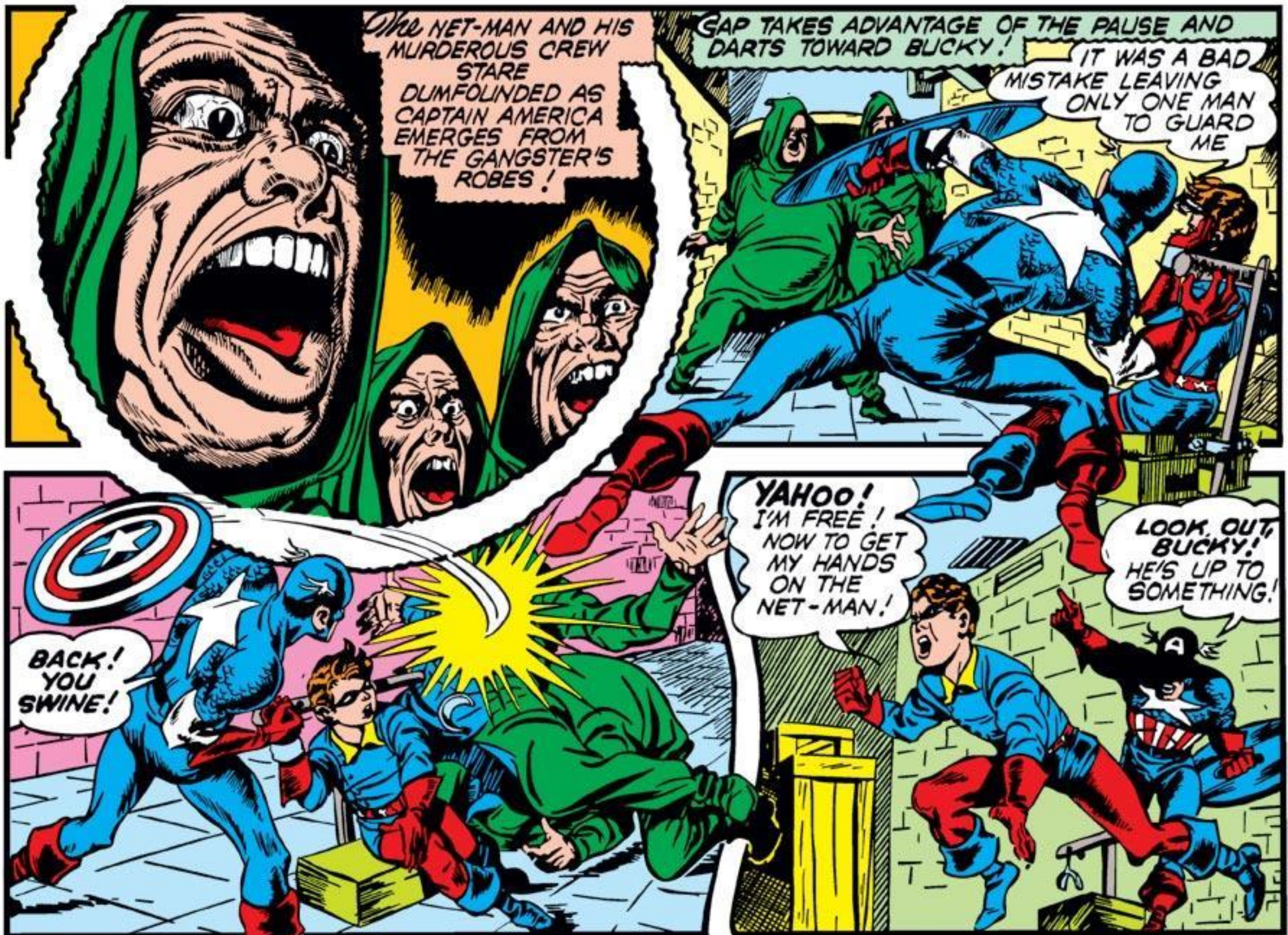














HEADLINE HUNTER

Story by
Stan Lee

H EADLINE HUNTER, ACE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, WAS DETERMINED TO ALLOW NO ONE TO CHEAT HIM OF A STORY! HOWEVER, ANOTHER REPORTER ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THE BEST OF HEADLINE, NOT REALIZING THAT DOORS HAVE EARS !!! BUT READ ON, AND DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HEADLINE HUNTER BATTLES FOR A SCOOP!



O UR STORY OPENS IN THE LONDON OFFICE OF THE AFFILIATED PRESS, WHERE HEADLINE HUNTER AND HIS EDITOR ARE HAVING A SERIOUS TALK...



HEADLINE, REGINALD WHITNEY HAS RETURNED FROM MOSCOW AND IS GOING TO GIVE **ONE** REPORTER AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW ABOUT HIS MISSION.

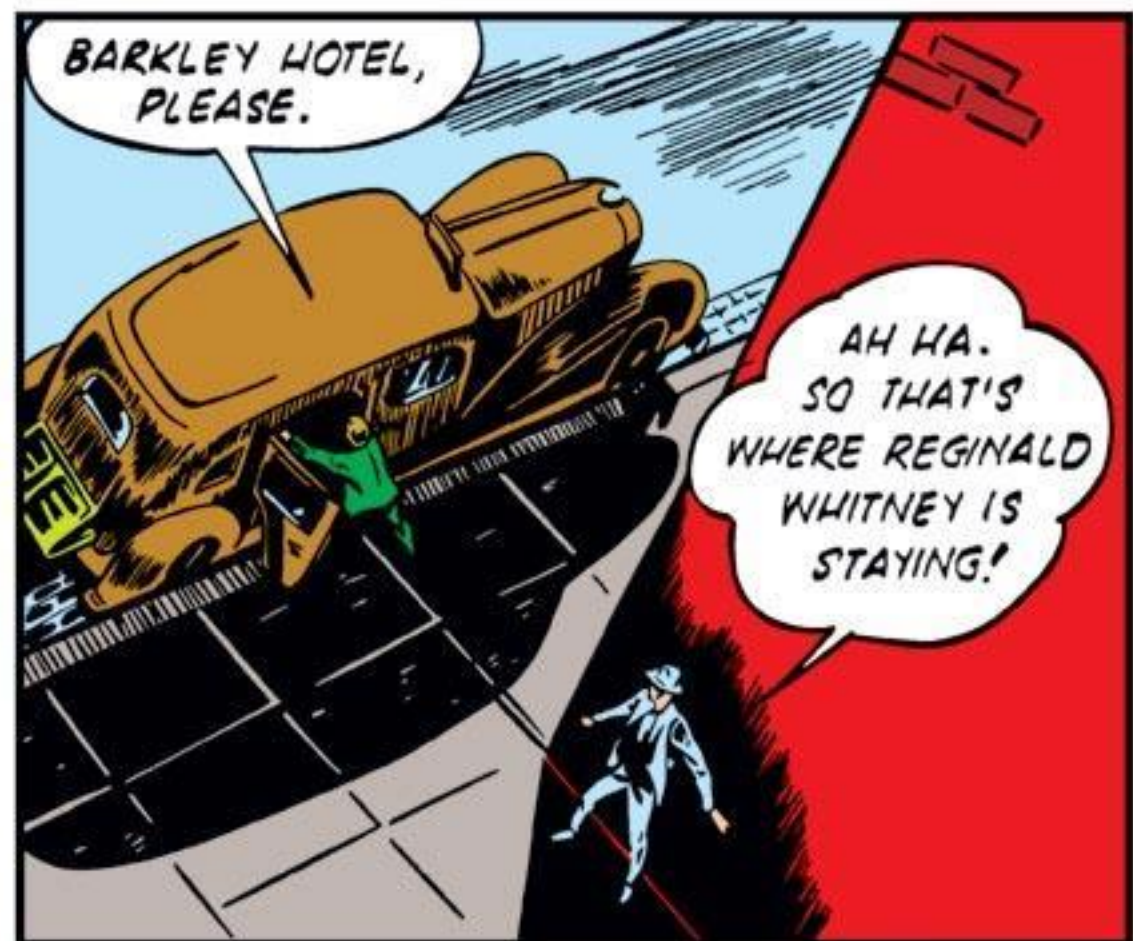


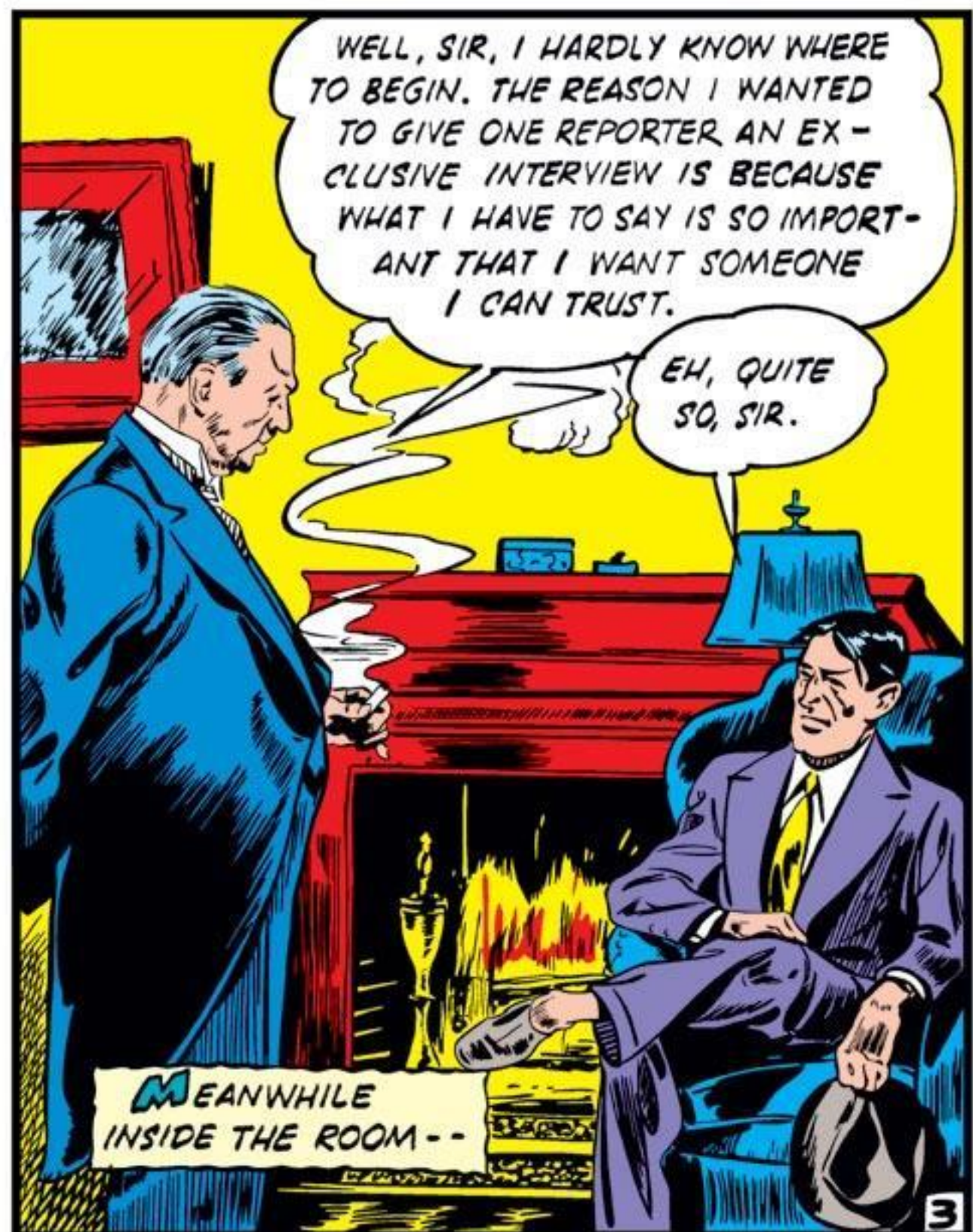
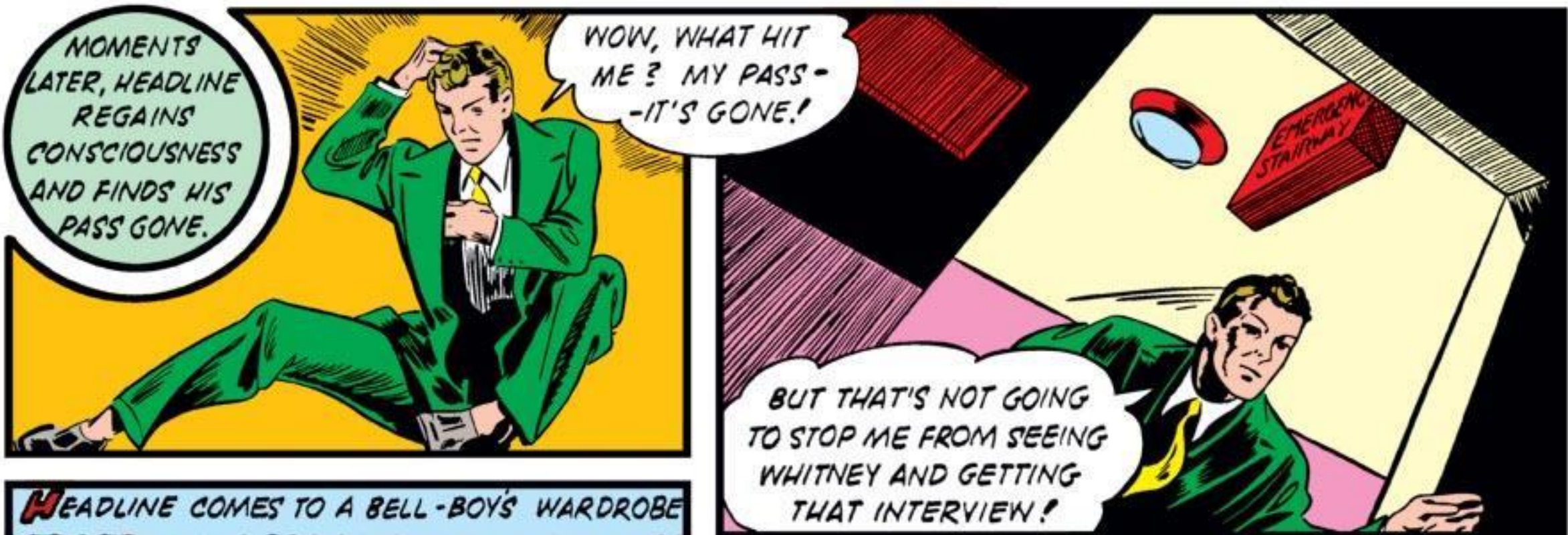
I KNOW, CHIEF, AND YOU'VE MANAGED TO GET THAT INTERVIEW FOR ME, EH?

HERE IS THE PASS WHICH WHITNEY HAS GIVEN ME. THIS WILL PERMIT YOU TO ENTER HIS HOTEL AND SEE HIM.



I'M ON MY WAY, CHIEF! OH BOY, AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW! HOT DOG!







AND NOW HERE'S WHAT I HAVE TO SAY - OH, EXCUSE ME, THERE'S THE BELL.

RING

AND NOW, HERE IS WHAT I HAVE TO SAY ---



AND SO YOU SEE, AS SOON AS YOU PUBLISH THIS STORY, IT WILL BE PRETTY BAD FOR GERMANY.

HMMM, I SEE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE INTERVIEW DRAWS TO A CLOSE ---



PARDON ME, GUV'NOR, I'M HERE TO DUST YOUR ROOM.

WELL, EH, I'M BUSY NOW. YOU CAN DUST THE ROOM IN THERE, THOUGH!



INSIDE THE OTHER ROOM, THE "BELL-BOY" BEGINS TO TAKE NOTES!

FIRST I'LL COPY THE INTERVIEW. THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT OTHER GUY LATER!



IT IS NO JOKE! I AM WILHELM VON LOGOR, SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE FUEHRER'S GESTAPO! IT IS MY DUTY TO SEE THAT THE WORLD NEVER LEARNS OF YOUR MESSAGE.

A STARTLING CONFESSION!



SUDDENLY! JENKS PULLS OUT A REVOLVER AND POINTS IT AT WHITNEY!

I'M SORRY MR. WHITNEY, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO LIVE.

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IS THIS A JOKE OF SOME SORT?



"ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!"

By Stan Lee

Perry Ashford crawled through the mud without uttering a sound. His movements were as quiet and as stealthy as those of a beast of the jungle. But Perry Ashford had more at stake than any jungle beast ever had; for the fate of a nation rested upon his muscular shoulders!

As he stole through the muddy marshes, his thoughts went back a few weeks . . . a few short weeks, to the time when he had been standing in the office of the Allied Near Eastern High Command. General Mayvell was addressing him. "Ashford" said the general, "only one man could possibly get through the German lines into Moscow in time to deliver this message to the Red Army High Command." Ashford looked the General straight in the eyes. "And you, Perry Ashford, have volunteered for that test. Of course the chances are that you will not live to reach Moscow, but we must make an attempt. Go, Perry Ashford, and may luck be with you!"

Yes, only a few short weeks ago, Perry Ashford of the British Military Intelligence had received the most important single assignment of the war! It was his vital duty to get to Moscow with the joint secret plans of the British High Command! And now, crawling through the mud, Perry Ashford was about to enter the German lines, with death staring him in the face!

Suddenly Perry stopped! He

looked upward and saw a shell bursting in the air a few hundred feet away from him.

"The Jerries are at it already" he muttered under his breath. Then Perry began the most dangerous part of his great adventure. He started to enter the German lines.

For the first hundred feet he didn't see a soul. "They certainly keep well hidden," thought Perry. "They know what will happen to them if one of those big Russian bombers spots 'em!" Perry kept slinking through the damp marshes. The mud was getting in his eyes, in his hair, soaking through his very skin! For days now he had been crawling through the worm-infested, disease-ridden, marsh-land! For days he had gone without food, save what few fruits and berries he picked from nearby bushes. For days he had felt the hot sun beat down on his mud-soaked body, had felt the biting rain chill him to the very core! For days he had been without any shelter save the overhanging trees as the long Russian night drew to a close.

Now at last he was almost through the German lines. He was almost at his goal! Just a few hundred yards more and he would be at the Kriper River; safe where the powerful Red Army was waiting!

Slowly, steadily, stealthily, every muscle tensed, every nerve taut, every fibre of his being quivering with excitement, Perry Ashford

crawled towards the Kriper River. And then he gave a cry of joy, for there before him flowed the blue, cool waters of the Kriper. Now, a sudden dash to the bank, a quick plunge into the swirling, billowy waves, a few powerful strokes and he would be at the other side—and he would have reached his goal! Perry Ashford stepped up and began to run . . .

"Von move und you're a dead man," rang out a harsh German voice. Perry turned. Standing behind him was a detachment of a dreaded Nazi Panzer division. The leader of the Germans motioned to Perry. "Come!" he ordered. "I want to look at you." For a brief second Perry was torn between two choices. He could either turn and make a dash for the river, which would almost certainly end in death for him, as the German troopers were standing by the river, their guns poised and waiting; or he could surrender and have his vitally important documents fall into the hands of the Nazi troops. "If I run they will shoot me and search me and get the documents anyway, so I might as well give myself up now. Besides there is always the chance that I will escape in the future." That was the way Perry reasoned.

Perry threw up his hands in surrender and walked towards the Nazis. The Nazi Officer looked at one of his men and snarled, "Ach, it looks like one of der English svine!

Come here, I want to search you!" Perry drew a little closer, and a huge paw reached out and grabbed him by the collar!

"You are trying to put something over on us, eh?" growled the Nazi.

"I don't know what you are talking about" answered Perry, hastily. "I am just an American correspondent covering the war, and I, eh, seem to have gotten myself lost."

"Ha" said the German officer. "You think to fool us mit lies, may-be! We find out soon enough!" A hand reached into Perry's inside vest pocket and pulled out his wallet with all his credentials. Soon, gloating Nazi eyes were reading the identification papers which the British Intelligence members carry in case they are captured. Papers which contain no information at all which might be of any profit to an enemy leader. Perry's eyes narrowed. "If only they are satisfied with just looking at that wallet, then everything may be all right."

But the Nazis were not to be fooled so easily. The officer walked up to Perry and looked him in the eye. "You do not fool us mit these papers," he growled. "Come now, tell me who are you, and what are you doing here!"

Then Perry noticed a revolver dangling in the holster of the Nazi Officer's hip. "If I could only reach that in time, I might have a chance to hold these Nazis off until I can reach the river!" A sudden grab might get it for me," thought Perry. But then Perry suddenly drew his eyes away. He was afraid the officer might realize what he was staring at. But it seemed that the officer was too intent upon his own

line of thought to bother about Perry's glances! Finally, he bent over Perry menacingly. "Now look," he said. "Ve haff had experiences mit British Intelligence Officers before. Either you tell us what you are doing here or ve vill make you talk!" The officer looked at his men with a shrewd smile "And ve haff ways of making dem talk, haven't ve, men?"

"Yes!" cried one of the Nazis. "Ve vill make him talk alright!"

Perry realized that if ever he would have a chance to escape, he must act now. He knew the sort of tortures the Nazis were capable of executing, and he realized that he might even be forced to divulge his secrets under their terrible pressure!

And so, with death staring him in the face, Perry Ashford of the British Military Intelligence quickly brought down his hands upon the Nazi Officer's shoulders and swung the officer around so that he was facing his own men before he knew what had happened. Then, with one quick motion, Perry grabbed the Nazi officer's revolver with one arm and held the surprised Nazi in front of him with the other. "Now you Nazi cowards, let's see what you can do against a man who is armed and ready to fight! Let's see you catch me now!" So saying, Perry started walking backwards towards the river, holding the officer in front of him and keeping his gun aimed at the German soldiers, while the Germans were afraid to fire for fear of killing their officer.

Perry realized that sooner or later one of them would shoot, killing the officer, and then they would do away with him. He knew there was

no time to lose. He could not act cautiously. He gambled everything on one desperate chance!

He flung the officer, hurling him right into his men, and then turned and ran as fast as he knew how towards the Kriper River. For a few seconds some of the Nazis were too startled to shoot at Perry's fleeing form, and the impact of the officer's body prevented the rest of them from shooting.

Those few seconds were all that Perry needed in order to reach the river and dive in. Once in the water, Perry swam with his body submerged for fear that the Nazis would see him. It was only when his lungs reached the bursting point that he dared to stick his head out of the water, and by that time he had reached the Red Shore—The Red Shore, and safety!

Two hours later Perry Ashford of the British Military Intelligence had handed his papers to Marshall Korodonsky, and he felt as though a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. The Marshall looked at him in admiration. "With such men as you in the Military Service, it is little wonder that Britain is the great nation that she is! It was a great thing you did my boy. A deed that will forever live in the memories of all free people!" Thus spoke the Marshall.

Perry Ashford of the British Military Intelligence gave a modest smile and replied, "Thank you, sir, but it was all in a day's work!"

Then, with a feeling of joy, he was off again, back to join the forces where thousands of others were united in the Allied cause, and where they too found that "it is all in a day's work!"

CAPTAIN

AMERICA

The PHANTOM HOUND of CARDIFF MOOR

No. 382-F

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S CHOICE FOR THE SPINE-CHILLER OF THE MONTH-TAKEN FROM HIS OWN PERSONAL FILES

THESE FIVE PEOPLE ARE MARKED FOR DEATH BY A PHANTOM, FOUR-FOOTED KILLER!!--- CAN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SAVE THEM?

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ROAM THE BLEAK, WIND-SWEPT MOORS ON THE TRAIL OF THE DOG WHO WALKS LIKE A MAN!!

A LONE FIGURE HURRIEDLY MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD-LIKE TERRAIN OF CARDIFF MOOR--



SUDDENLY, ACROSS THE LONELY MOOR, DRIFTS THE EERIE, BAYING OF A HOUND... THE MAN BREAKS INTO A PANIC-STRICKEN RUN...



BEHIND HIM THE PADDING SOUNDS OF THE GHOST-HOUND'S FEET GROW LOUDER--- DRAW NEARER!



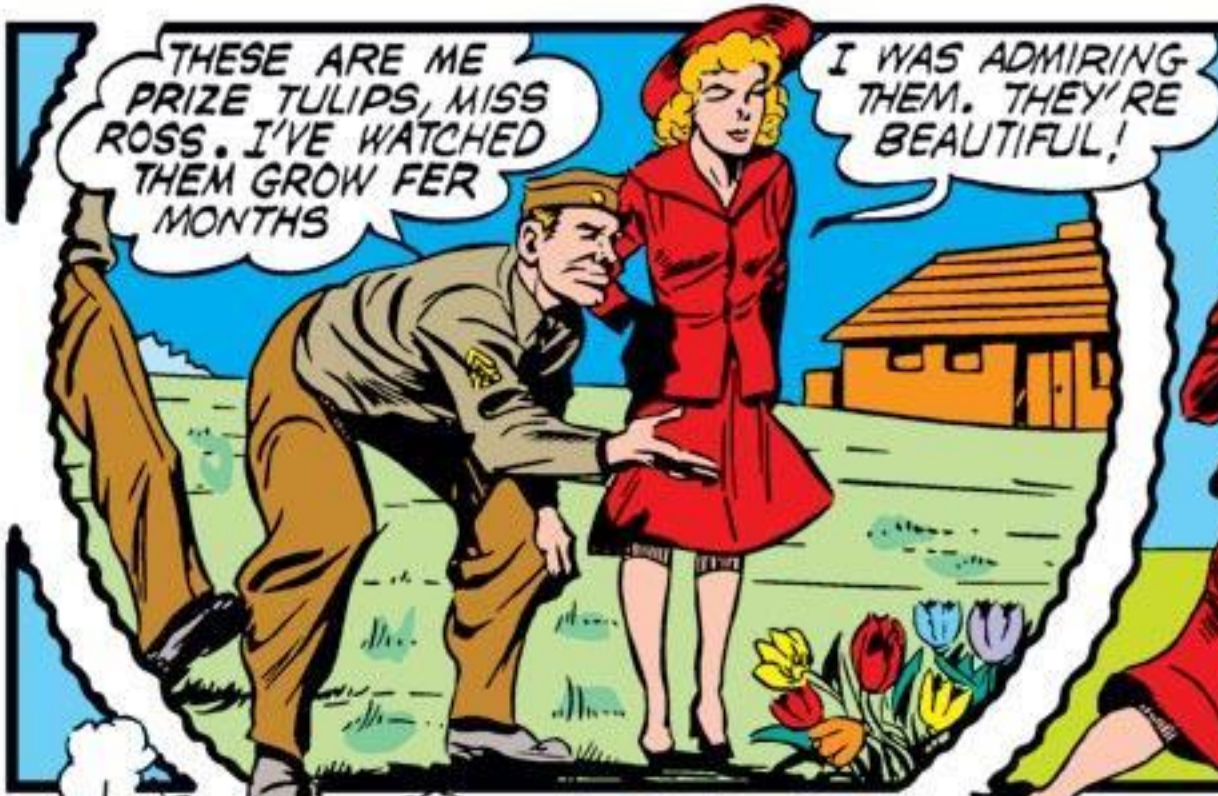
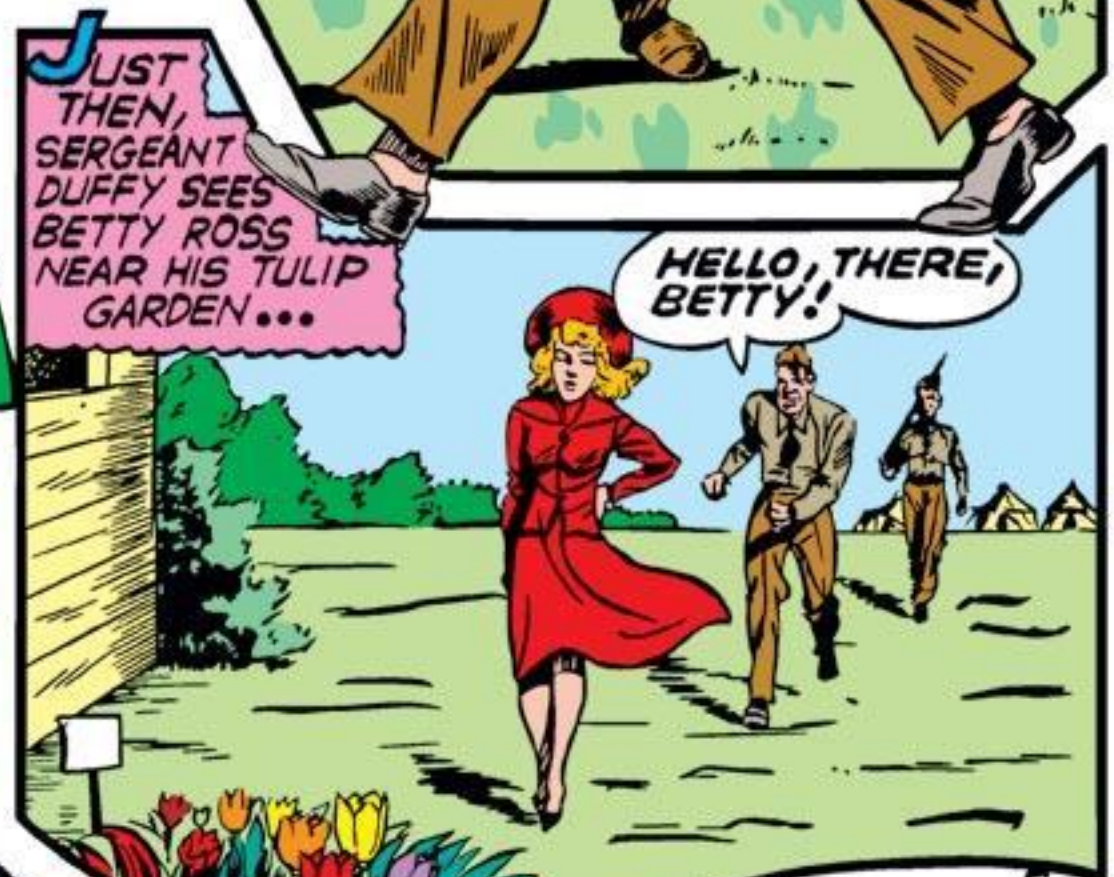
HELP!



SCREAMS OF AGONY AND BLOOD-CHILLING SNARLS RENT THE NIGHT AS THE HOUND OVERTAKES HIS PREY!!

THE MAN'S CRIES CEASE AND THE EERIE HOWL OF THE GHOST-DOG ANNOUNCES ANOTHER DEATH ON CARDIFF MOOR--





A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GUARDHOUSE RECEIVES A NEW OCCUPANT!

**HOLY MACKEREL,
STEVE!! --- ARE
YOU IN AGAIN?**

HA-HA!
IT SURE
LOOKS THAT
WAY, DOESN'T
IT?

**SUDDENLY, A TORN AND
TATTERED FIGURE STAGGERS
EXHAUSTED INTO CAMP!**

H-HELP--
--I-I--

WHA--?
EASY THERE!
STEADY!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S THE HOUND! THE HOUND OF CARDIFF MOOR! HE'S KILLED ANOTHER MAN!

**YOU MUST
HELP US!
THE ARMY
MUST HELP
US!**

COME
NOW, YOU'RE
EXHAUSTED! I'M SURE
YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT
WILL TAKE CARE
OF EVERYTHING

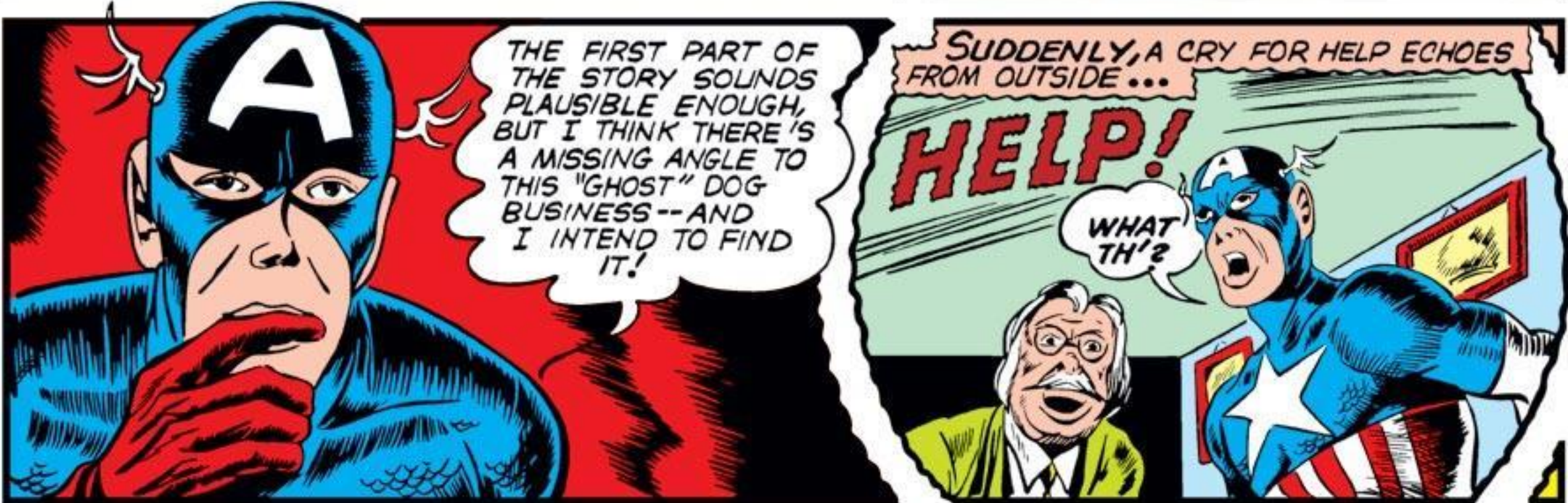
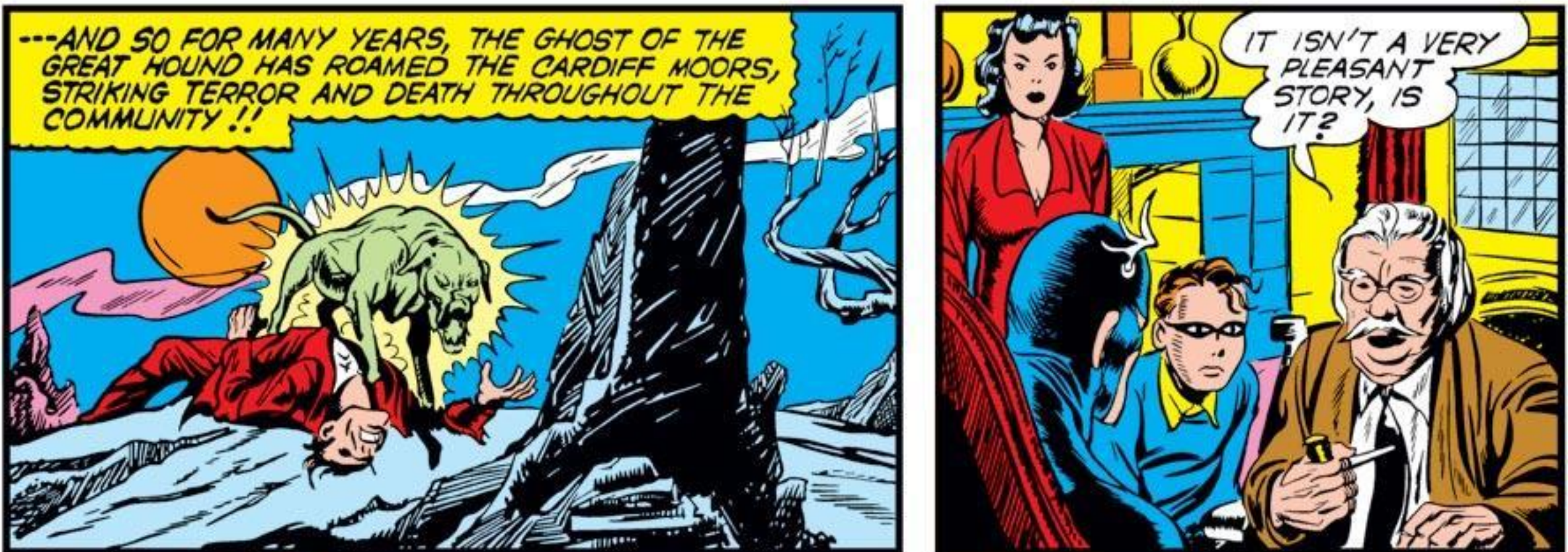
**GEE, STEVE!
DID'JA HEAR
THAT? THE
HOUND OF CARDIFF
MOOR!**

YES, BUCKY, I
HEARD! --- AND
IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE SOME
WORK TO DO
TONIGHT!

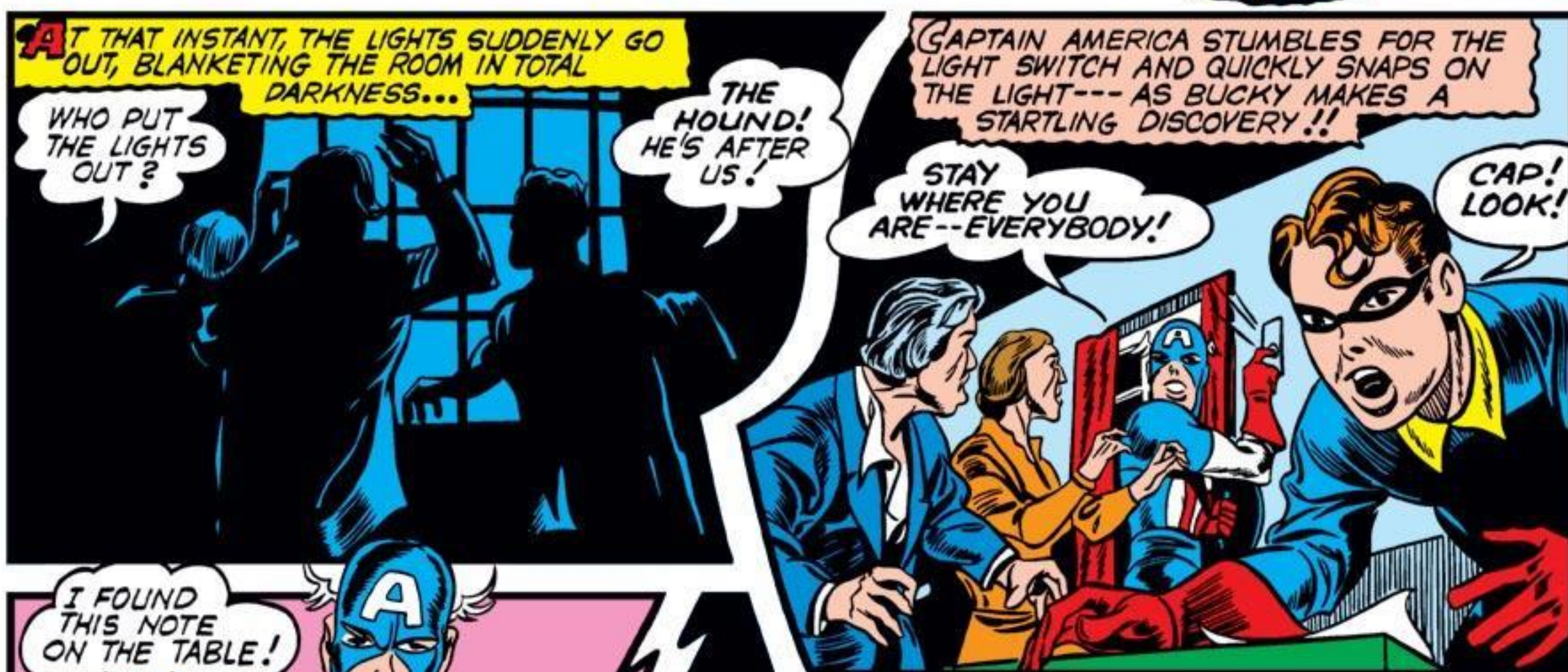
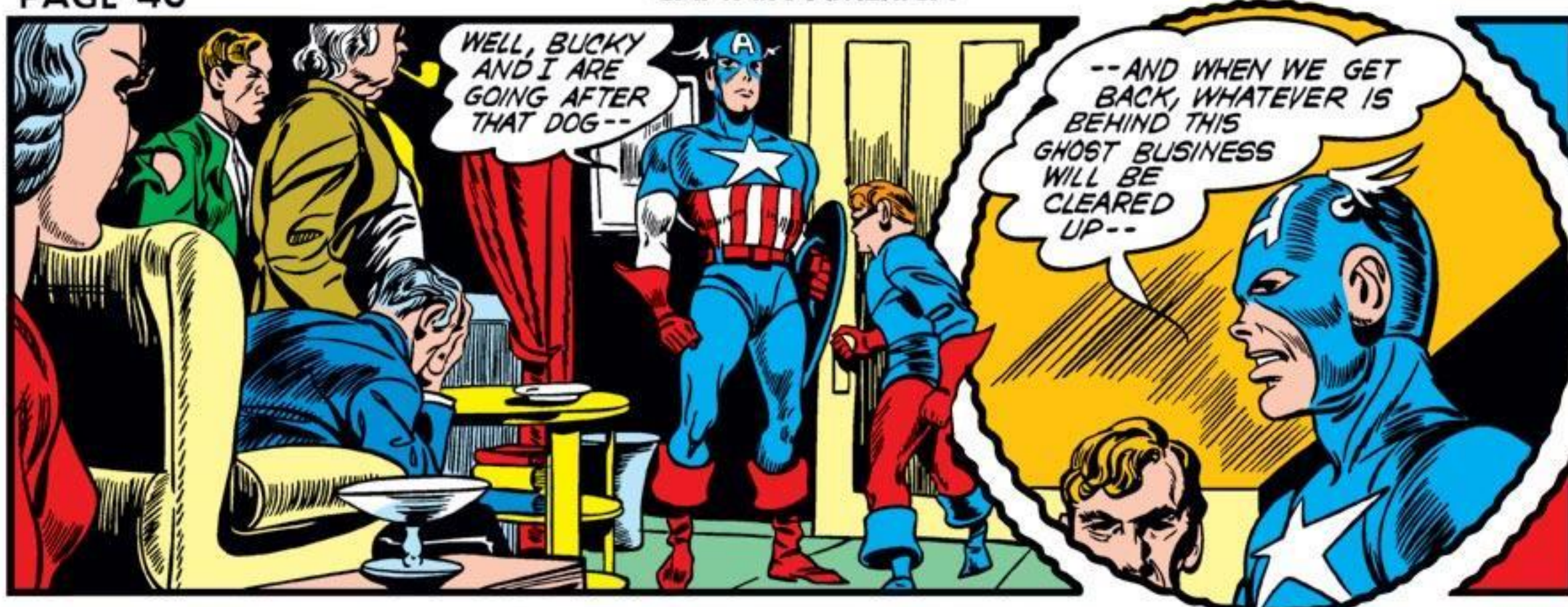
KEEPING WATCHFUL EYES ON THE SENTRY
OUTSIDE HIS CELL, STEVE PROCEEDS TO
PICK THE LOCK ON HIS CELL DOOR...













Meanwhile, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY CONTINUE THEIR RELENTLESS SEARCH...



SUDDENLY, AN EERIE, BLOOD-CHILLING HOWL ECHOES IN THE WIND THAT SWEEPS ACROSS THE LONELY MOORS!



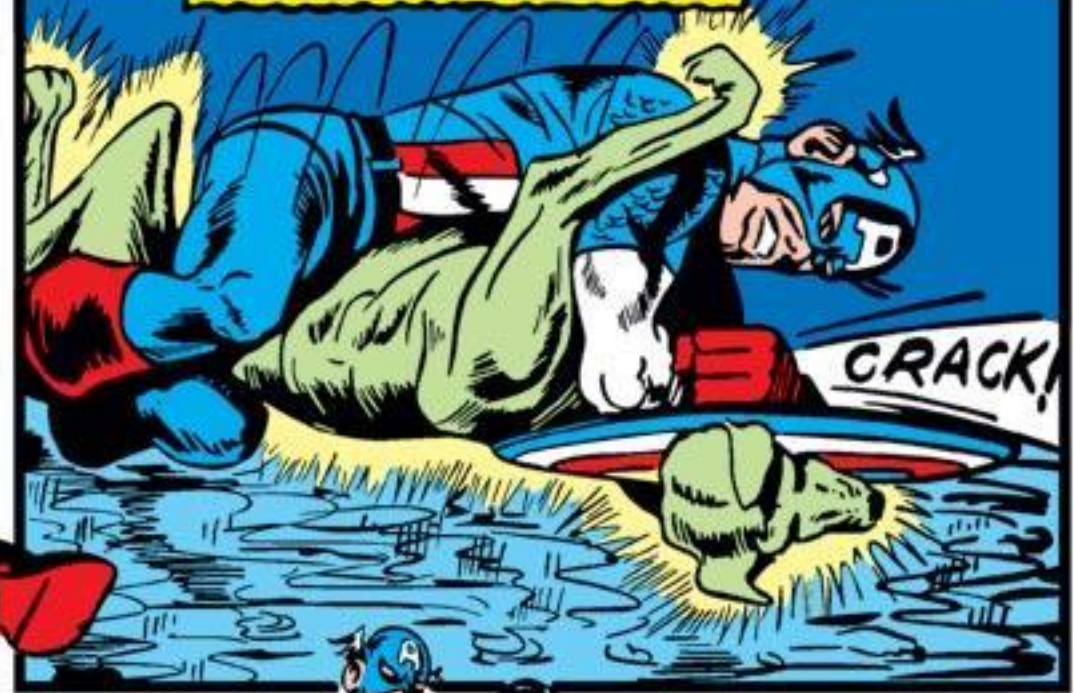




THE BRUTE'S FANGS SINK DEEPER INTO CAP'S PAIN-WRACKED ARM AS THE CRIME-FIGHTER TRIES TO PRY HIM LOOSE...



ROLLING OVER ON THE HOUND, CAPTAIN AMERICA BREAKS THE BRUTE'S NECK WITH HIS POWERFUL ARMS!



CAP! CAP! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



YEP! WELL, HE'S DONE FOR! HE'LL NEVER HARM ANYONE AGAIN!

THIS HOUND'S COVERED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT! NO WONDER HE LOOKED LIKE A GHOST-DOG!



-- AND NOW I'M GOING TO FIND THE PARTY WHO DID THAT PAINT JOB!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR, CAPTAIN!



A MAN IN DOG'S CLOTHING, EH? DROP THAT GUN!



THE DESPERATE FIEND WRENCHES FREE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!!





I GET IT NOW! THOSE ARTIFICIAL CLAWS! IT WAS YOU WHO DID THE KILLING WHILE YOUR HOUND FRIGHTENED YOUR VICTIMS!



THE DISGUISED KILLER SLASHES AT CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH THE COLD STEEL OF HIS ARTIFICIAL CLAWS!

S-S-SCRAPE! VERY CLEVER, MY DEAR CAPTAIN!



YOU DIRTY MANIAC!



CARDIFF MOOR IS MINE! IT BELONGED TO MY FAMILY, AND NOW IT BELONGS TO ME!



SO THE TRUTH IS SLOWLY COMING OUT, EH?

YES! WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, CARDIFF MOOR SHALL BE MINE AGAIN!

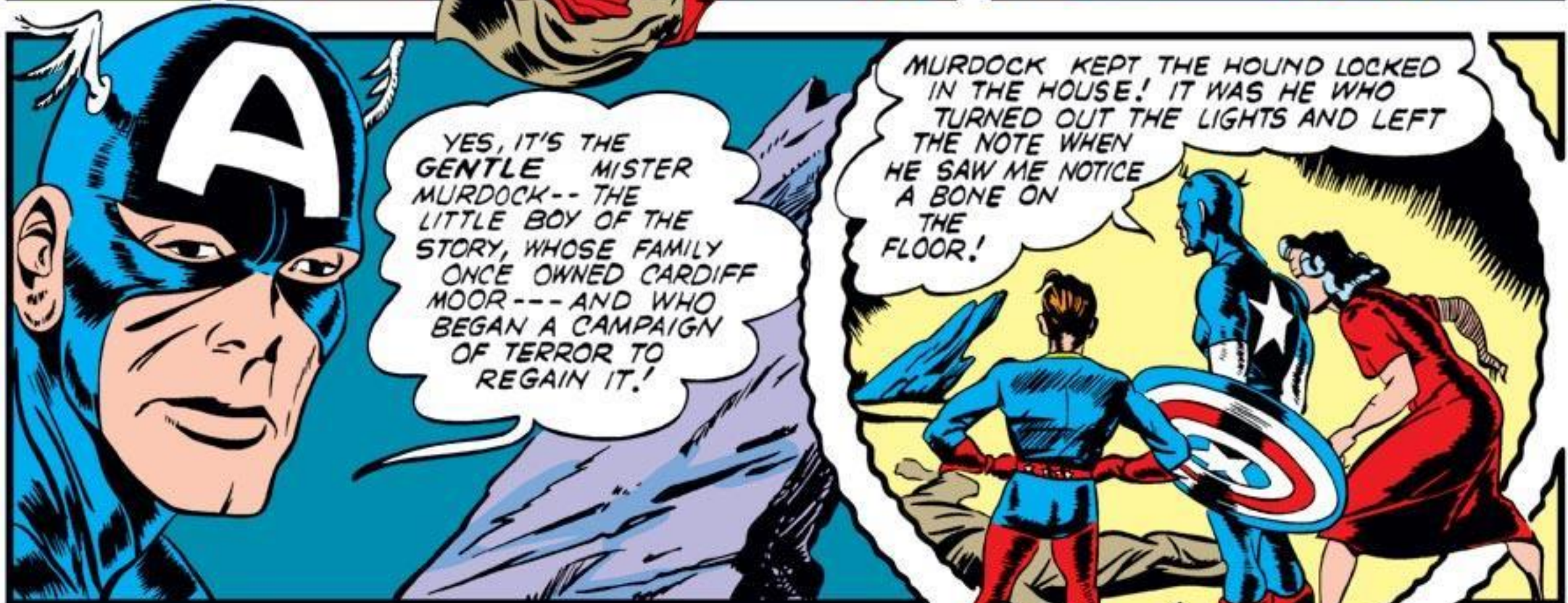


ONCE MORE, CAPTAIN AMERICA NARROWLY AVOIDS THE RAKING CLAWS!

ANGERED BY THE MADMAN'S ATTACK, CAPTAIN AMERICA DELIVERS HIS EARTH-SHAKING SLEEPER PUNCH!



NOW TO CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY AND GET BACK TO CAMP! MY ARM'S BEGINNING TO HURT



SENTINELS OF LIBERTY SECRET CLUB NEWS

BUCKY'S COLUMN

MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA

Hello, Sentinels!

I hope that you're as glad to be with me as I am to be with you this month!

You know, it gives Bucky and me a real thrill to read the letters you send us and to discover how many fine, patriotic young men and women America has to be proud of! And we also get a genuine kick out of reading a letter sent by someone who isn't an American but who appreciates Freedom just the same! The other day I received a letter from a boy in Mexico which I'd like you all to read:

Dear Captain America:

It is true I am not living in the United States, but in Mexico, but I feel that if I help fight the spies and traitors here I am helping the United States as we are now all bound together in the same cause—LIBERTY!

I shall be a happy boy when I receive the "Captain America" badge and the membership card.

Yours truly,

Carlos Mario Bravo
Independencia 120
Veracruz, Ver., Mexico.

If every boy and girl, man and woman in the world felt the same way, Carlos, there would be no dictators and no wars!—And I, Captain America, swear to do all I can to make every one feel that way!

HI PALS!

Here are Cap and me back again with a newer and even more thrilling book!

How are you getting along with the plane spotting which I wrote about in the last issue? Write me and let me know, wontcha?

If you've sent for your charter and haven't yet received it, don't be impatient. The truth is that we're getting so many requests that we can't fill them all and have had to have thousands of new charters printed on Cap's special press! So be patient for a little while longer, pals.

Here are your pass-words for this month, to be used at your Sentinel meetings: (use your code-keys to decipher them).

to enter: J OXR JIUNXRD

to leave: EQQV QA OCDIZ

JOIN UP WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA NOW!

Join the ranks of the many thousands of American youths who are doing their share in ridding America of spies and traitors!

Become one of Captain America's **SENTINELS OF LIBERTY** today!

Send 10c along with this coupon, or your name and address on a sheet of paper to Captain America, Dept. 10, 330 West 42nd Street, New York City, and receive your official badge and membership card!

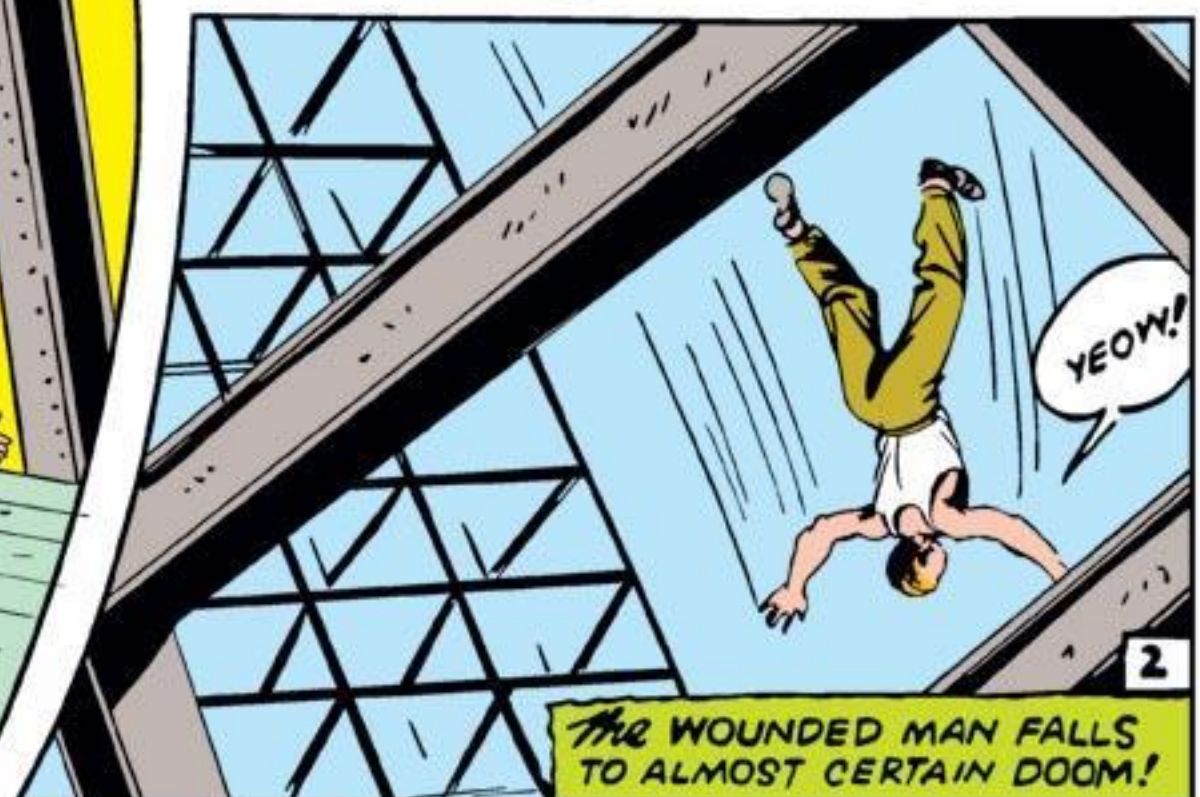
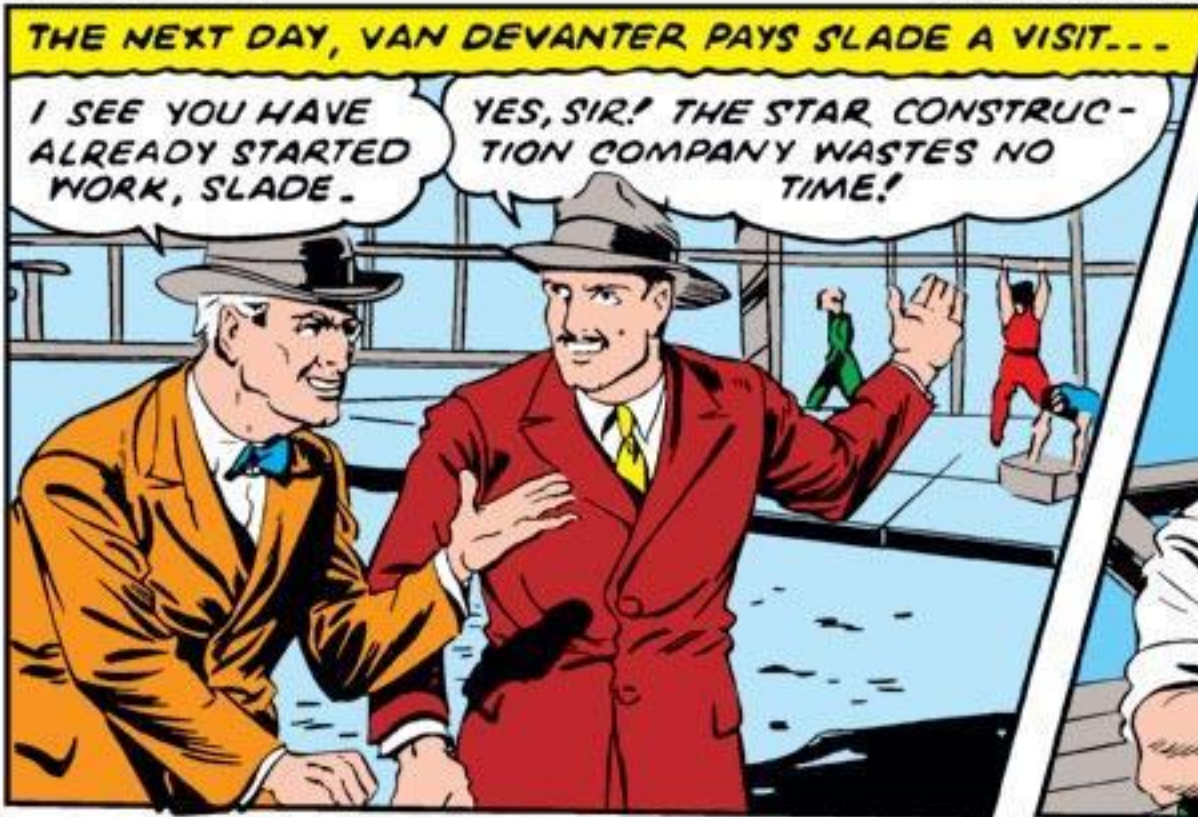


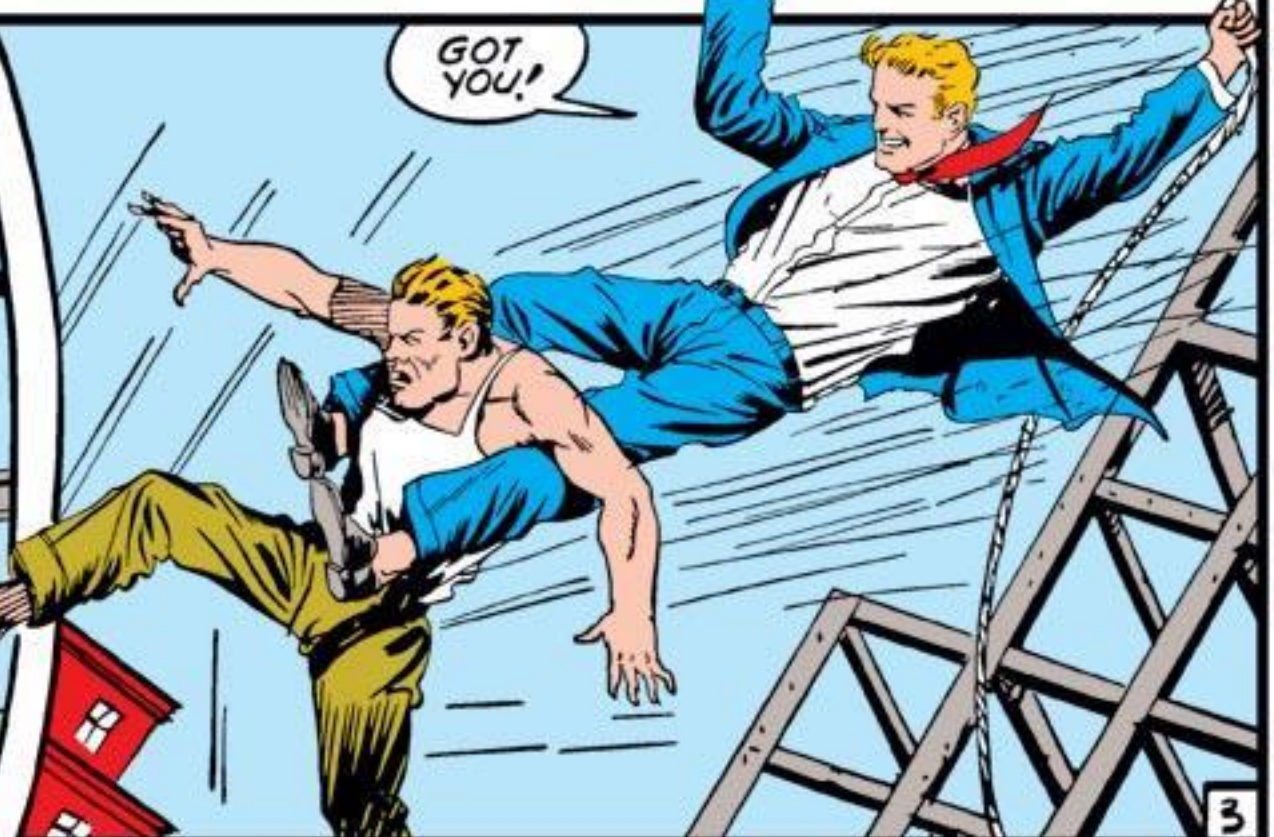
I AM ENCLOSING 10¢ **I** WOULD LIKE TO JOIN 10
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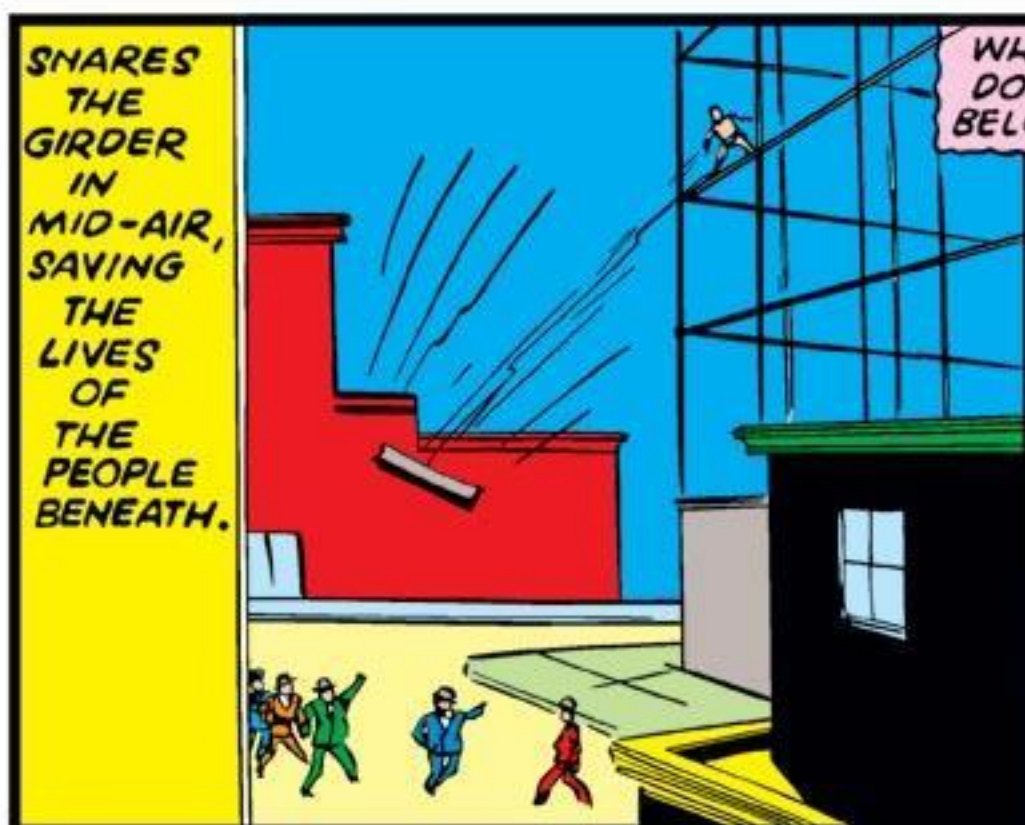
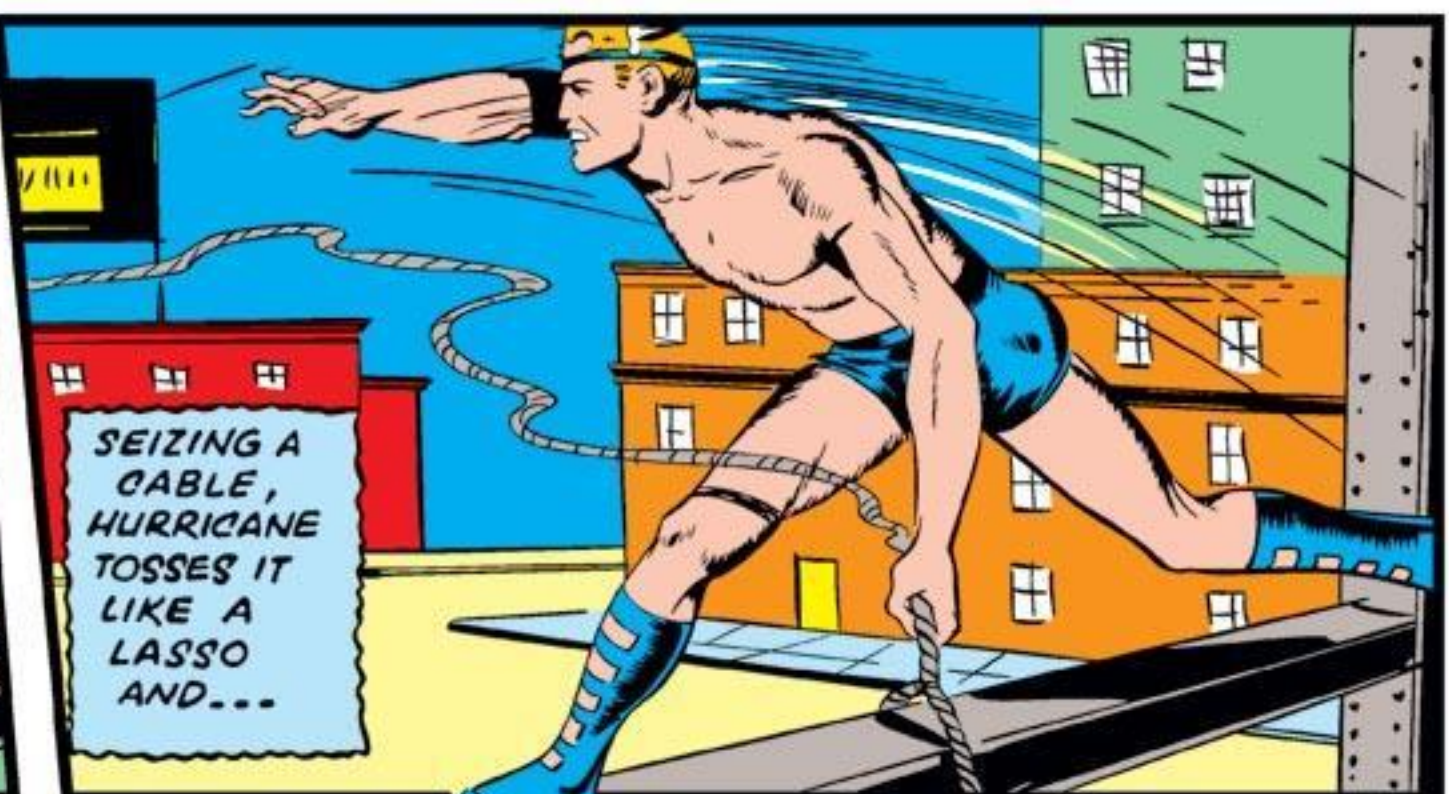
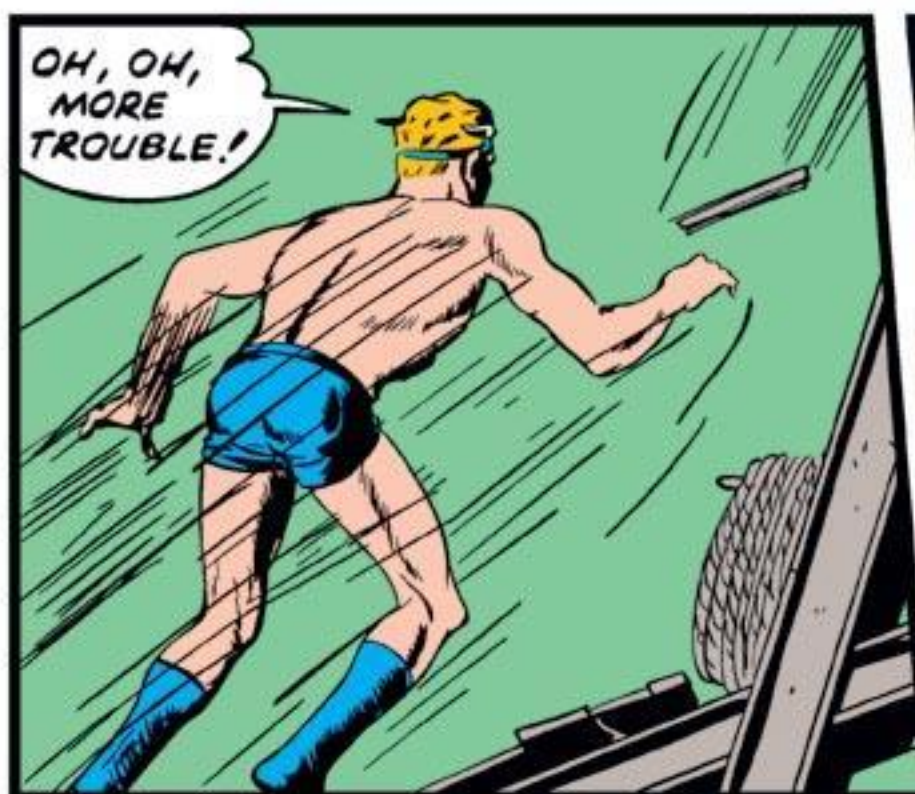
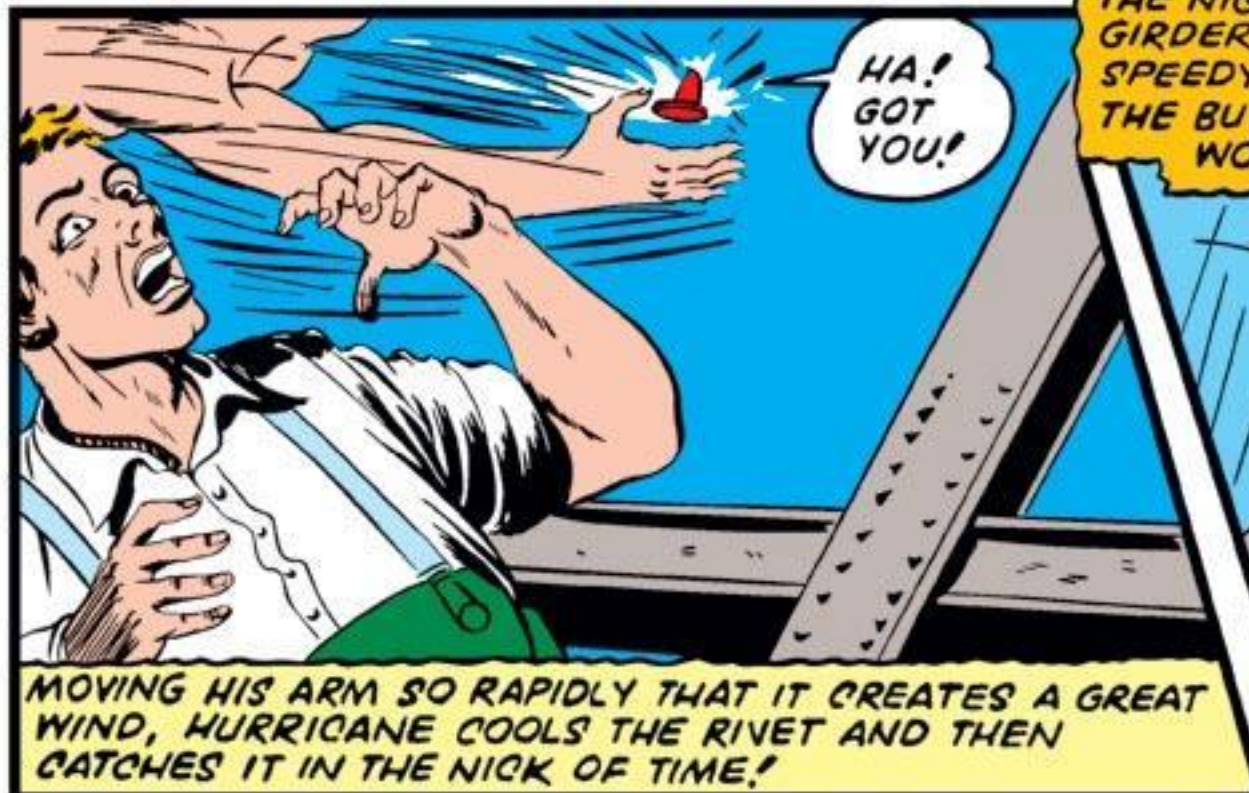
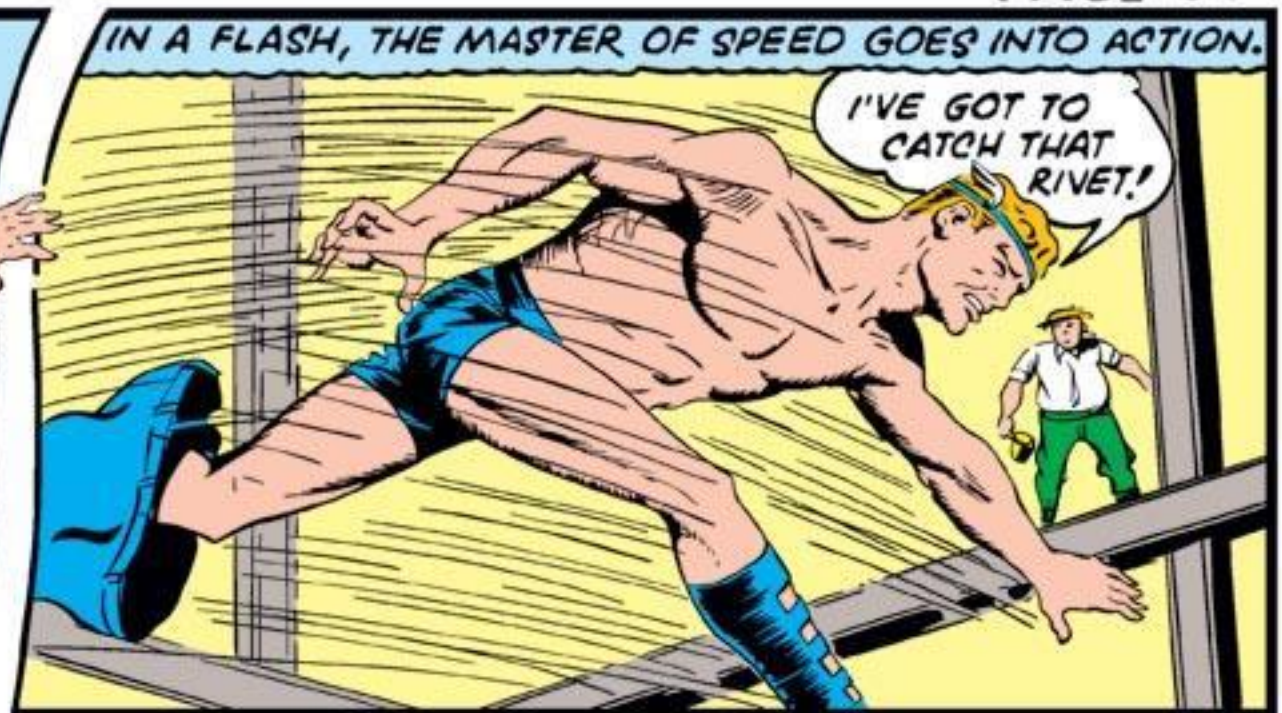
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF LIONEL VAN DEVANTER, MULTIMILLIONAIRE, WHO IS ABOUT TO AWARD A CONTRACT TO A CONSTRUCTION FIRM...

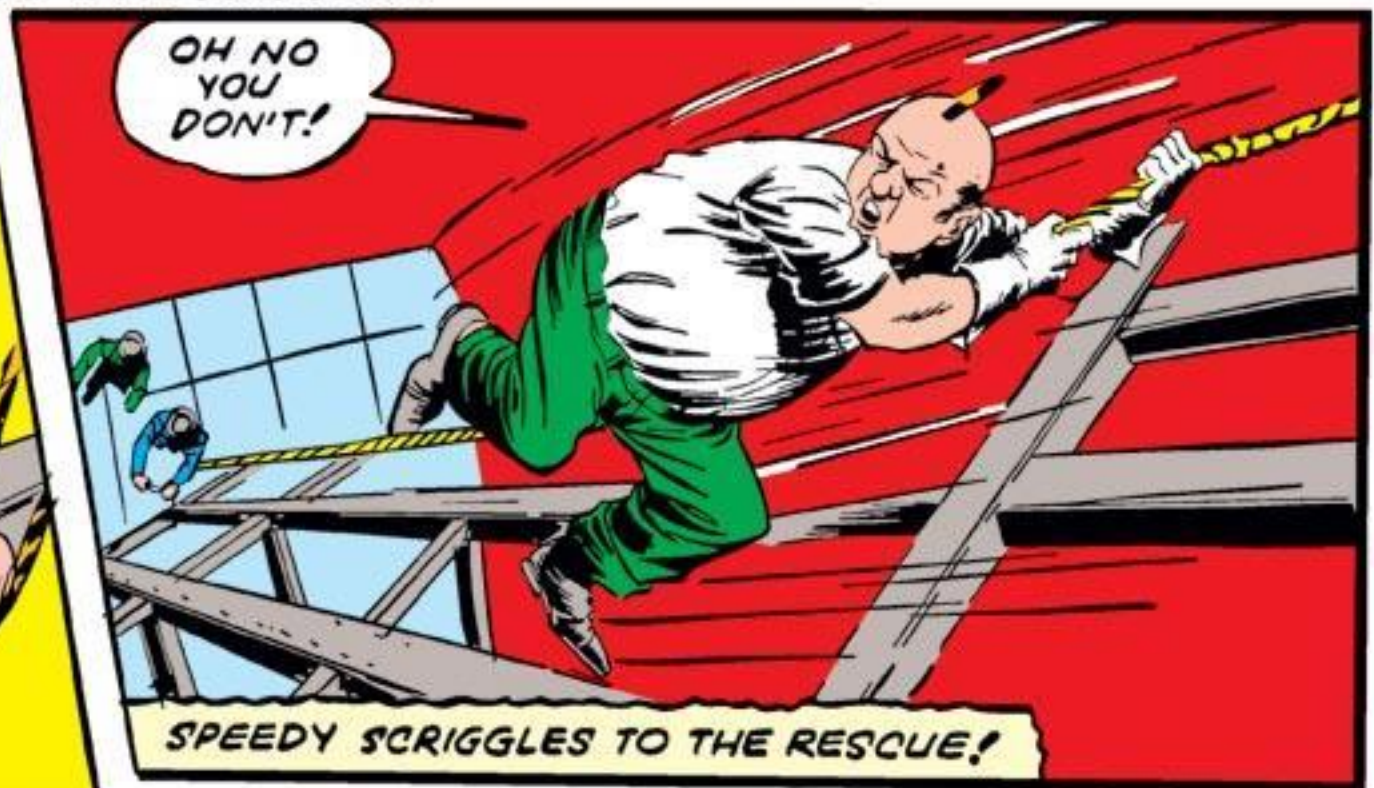
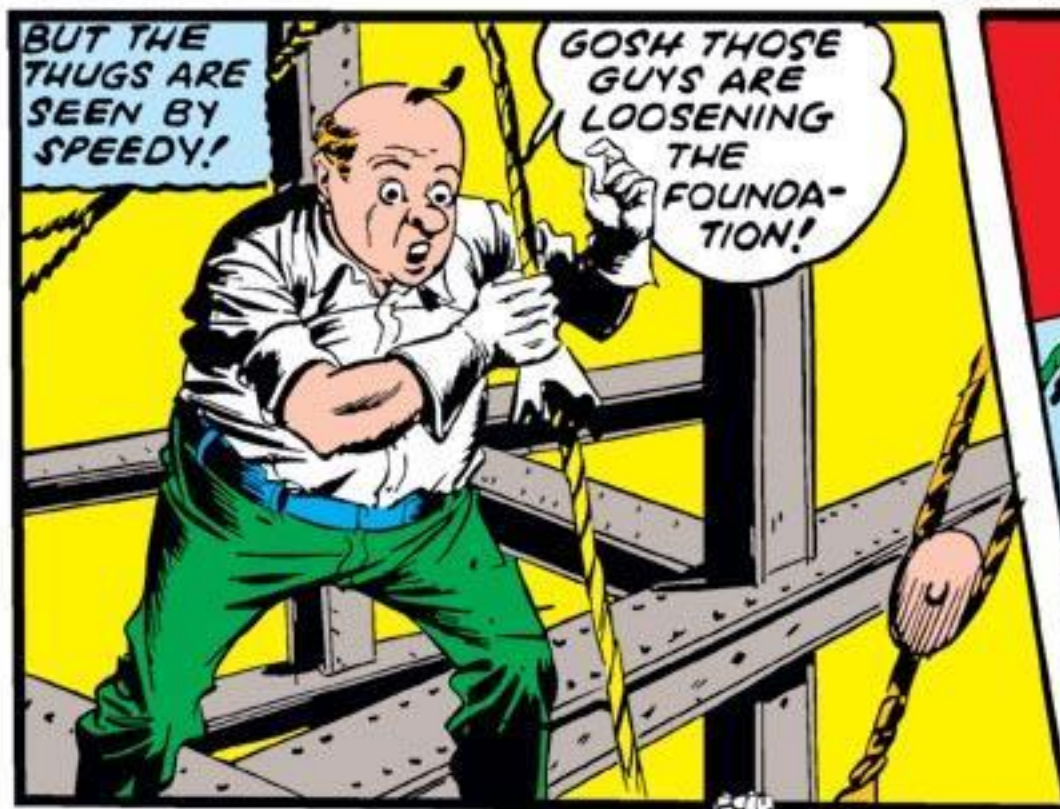


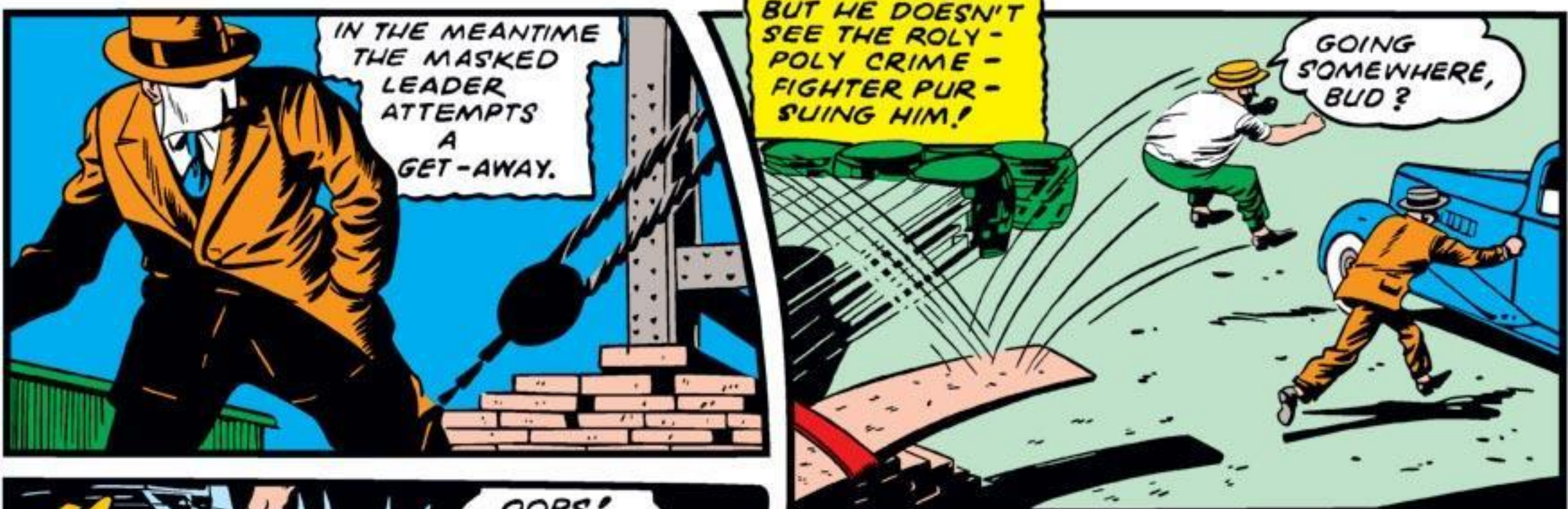












Fight FIRE WITH FIRE!

WHEN THE DEADLY SAINT, ARCH-FIEND OF DESTRUCTION, BEGAN TO USE A HIDEOUS FLAMING ARROW FOR HIS VICTIMS, THE HUMAN TORCH BLAZED INTO THE FRAY WITH AN UNQUENCHABLE LUST FOR JUSTICE!!!

GET
YOUR
COPY
OF
MARVEL
COMICS
TODAY!

FOLLOW

THE HUMAN TORCH AND HIS YOUNG PAL, TORO, THE FLAMING KID, AS THEY MEET UP WITH THEIR MOST DANGEROUS FOE -- A MAN WHO WORKS SECRETLY AND SILENTLY AND WITH SINISTER PURPOSE -- A MAN WHO KILLS WITHOUT MERCY AND GOES BY THE MOCKING NAME OF --

The **SAINT!**

CAN THE TORCH AND TORO DEFEAT THIS AWFUL MENACE, OR WILL THEY, TOO, FALL VICTIM TO THE INSIDIOUS FLAMING ARROWS OF DEATH?

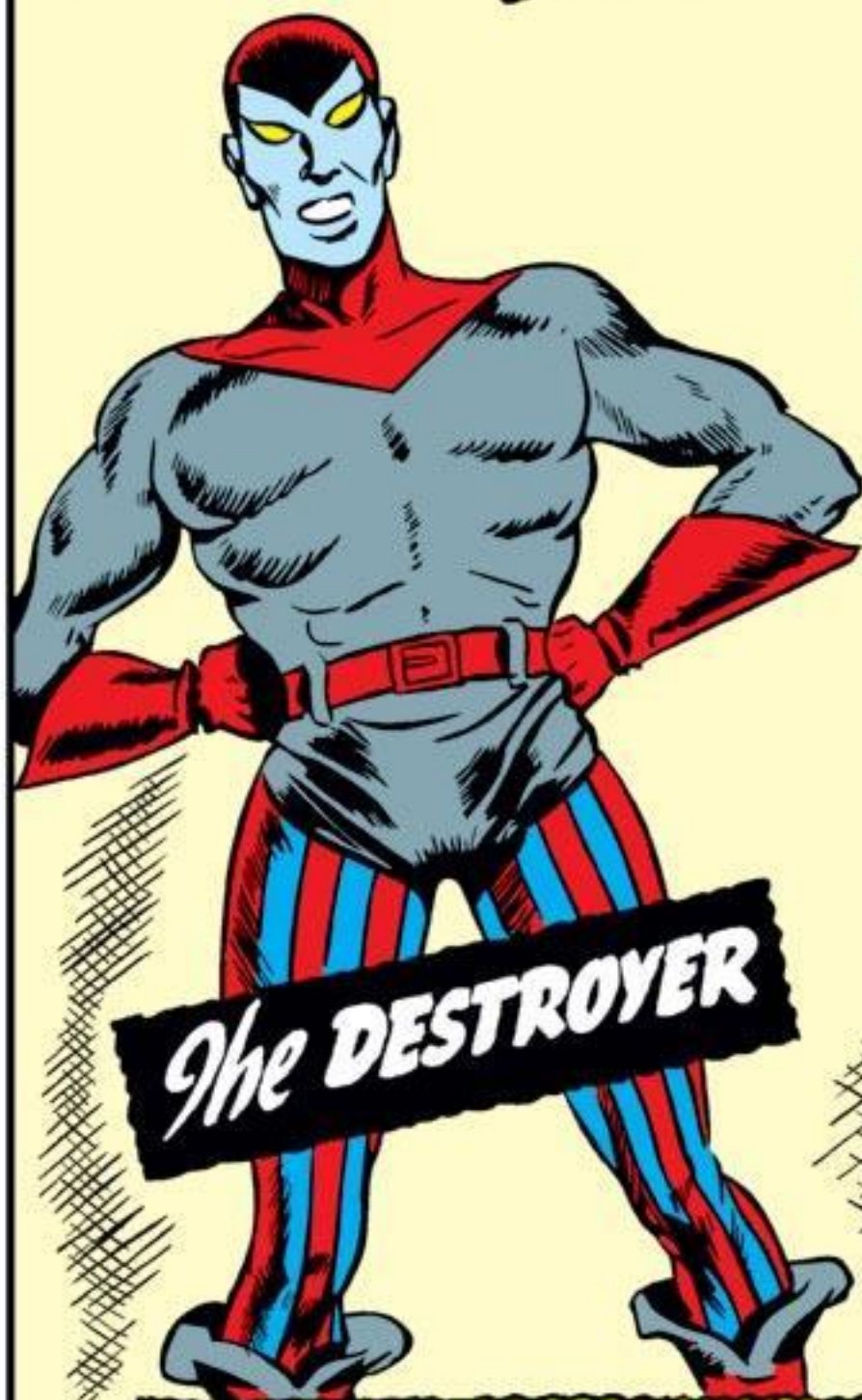
YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT, AS WELL AS THE WHOLE THRILLING STORY IN THE BIG, NEW JANUARY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS -- NOW ON SALE!!

Also, THRILL-A-MINUTE TALES OF SUCH EXCITING HEROES AS:
The SUB-MARINER
The ANGEL-TERRY VANCE
The VISION
AND MANY OTHERS!!



The **UNBEATABLE THREE!**

"UNBEATABLE" BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BEAT HEROES LIKE--



The **DESTROYER**



Captain **TERROR**



The **THUNDERER**

UNBEATABLE BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BEAT STORIES WHICH THOUSANDS OF COMIC READERS FROM COAST TO COAST HAVE CALLED "THE WORLD'S BEST!"
and UNBEATABLE BECAUSE WHEN YOU COMBINE UNBEATABLE HEROES WITH UNBEATABLE STORIES AND UNBEATABLE THRILLS YOU ARE BOUND TO HAVE
THE UNBEATABLE THREE!

SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY THEY ARE CALLED THE ---
WORLD'S BEST COMIC MAGS.!

BUY
U.S.A. DARING
MYSTIC
COMICS TODAY!!



OUR STORY OPENS AT THE HOME OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL PETERS...

DEAR, YOU SIMPLY MUST COME WITH ME TO SEE YOGI ZAMOR. I HEAR HE'S JUST WONDERFUL!

YOU KNOW THAT I DON'T BELIEVE IN FORTUNE TELLERS, BUT IF YOU WANT ME TO I'LL GO!

THE GENERAL AND HIS WIFE ARRIVE AT THE YOGI'S HOUSE...

HERE WE ARE, DEAR. ISN'T IT JUST TOO THRILLING?

IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY SHACK TO ME. BUT LET'S GO ANYWAY!



THE VISITORS ARE WELCOMED BY YOGI ZAMOR, READER OF FORTUNE...

WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE HOME, MY FRIENDS, COME LET US BEGIN THE RITES OF THE FUTURE.

PLEASE BE SEATED AND REMAIN SILENT, WHILE I LOOK INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL!



THE BALL SHOWS ME MANY THINGS-- MANY THINGS--

GENERAL PETERS WILL DIE TOMORROW AT 8:00 P.M. ---AND--- IT'S TOO HORRIBLE! I CANNOT GO ON!



JOHN PETERS AND HIS WIFE TAKE THEIR LEAVE...

OH, JOHN, I'M FRIGHTENED. DO YOU THINK--?

NONSENSE MY DEAR. YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT SORT OF THING, DO YOU?

THE NEXT DAY GENERAL PETERS RECEIVES A PACKAGE

GENERAL PETERS? I WAS ASKED TO DELIVER THIS!

THANK YOU!



THE GENERAL OPENS THE PACKAGE AND FINDS A GIFT. AN EXPENSIVE CLOCK.



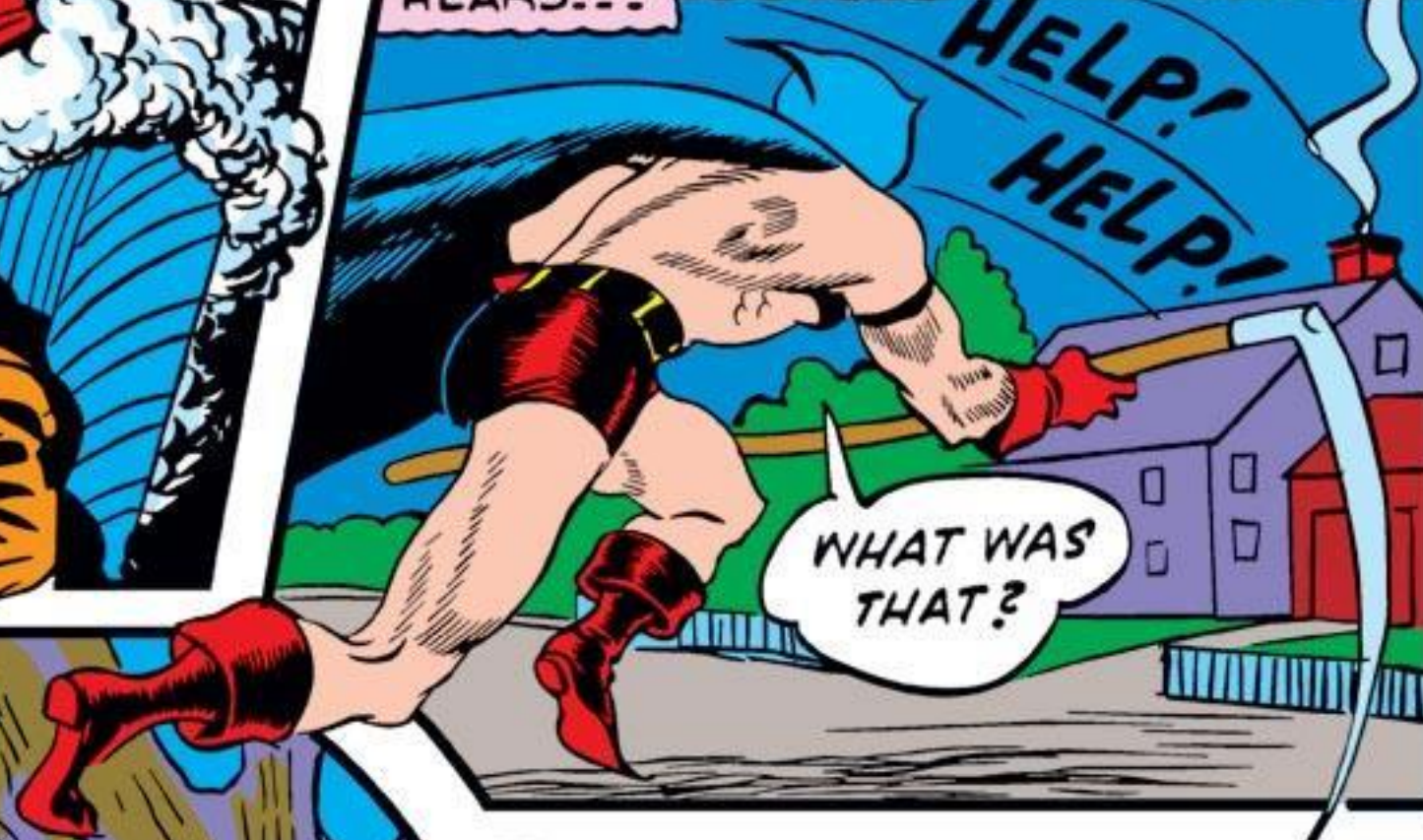
LATER, MRS. PETERS LEAVES TO MAKE A VISIT AND THE GENERAL SITS READING A BOOK, ALL BUT FORGETTING THE YOGI'S WARNING. A WARNING OF DEATH AT 8!



AT LAST THE FATEFUL MOMENT OCCURS...



LATER THAT NIGHT, A SILENT HOODED FIGURE PROWLING THRU THE DARK HEARS...



THE FAMOUS FIGHTER OF CRIME SPRINGS INTO GALVANIZED ACTION!

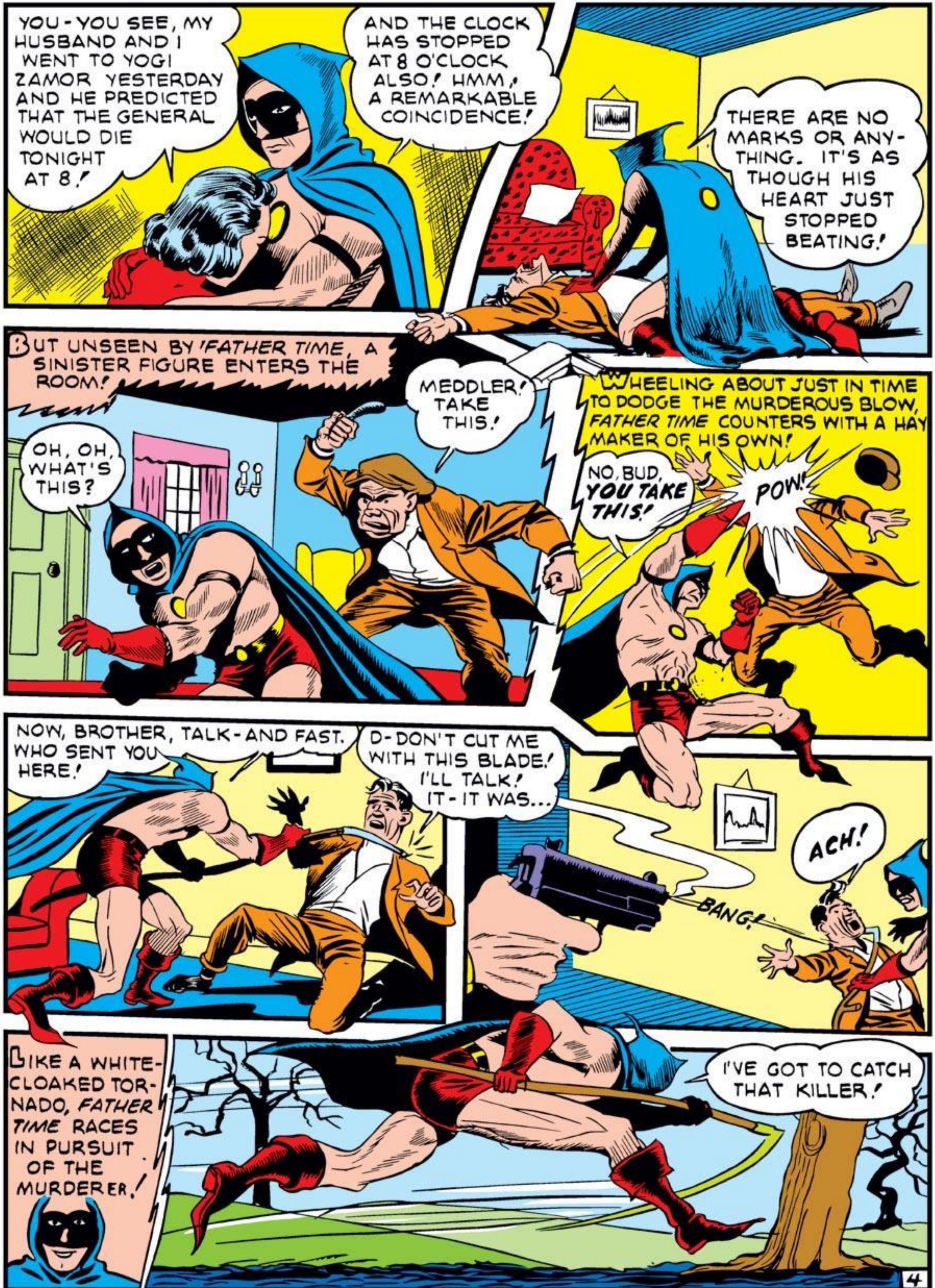


ONCE AGAIN MUST I HEED A CRY OF DISTRESS!

YOU CRIED FOR HELP. WHAT HAPPENED?

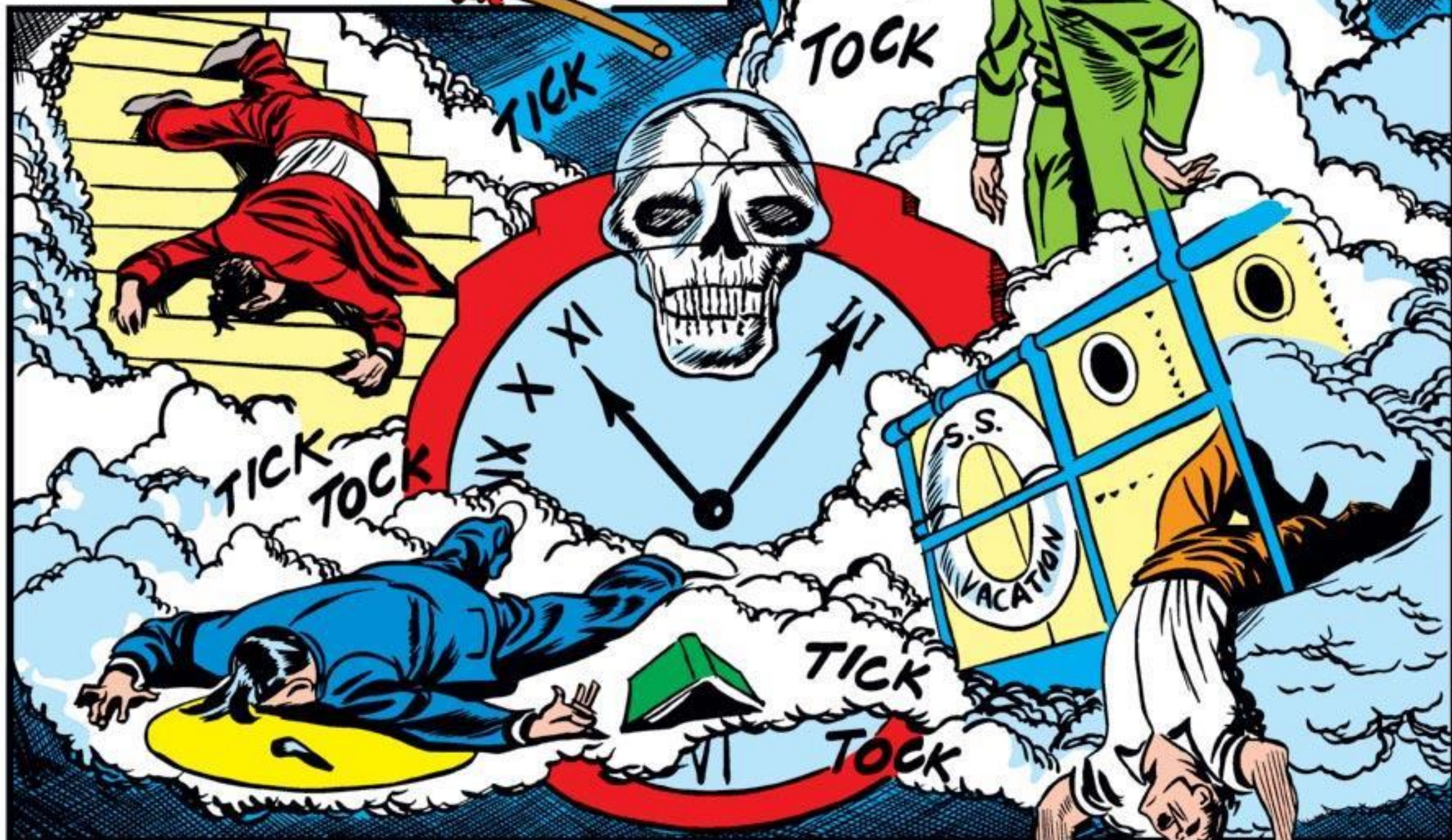
WHY FATHER TIME! IT-IT'S MY HUSBAND! HE'S DEAD! DEAD! JUST LIKE YOGI ZAMOR PREDICTED!







IN THE DAYS WHICH FOLLOWED, MANY DEATHS OCCURRED-AND IN EVERY CASE THE CLOCK STOPPED AT THE VERY MOMENT OF DEATH! GENERALS, STATESMEN, FINANCIERS, WERE BEING TERRIFIED BY THE SPREAD OF DISASTER IN THEIR RANKS! COULD NOTHING STOP THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS???

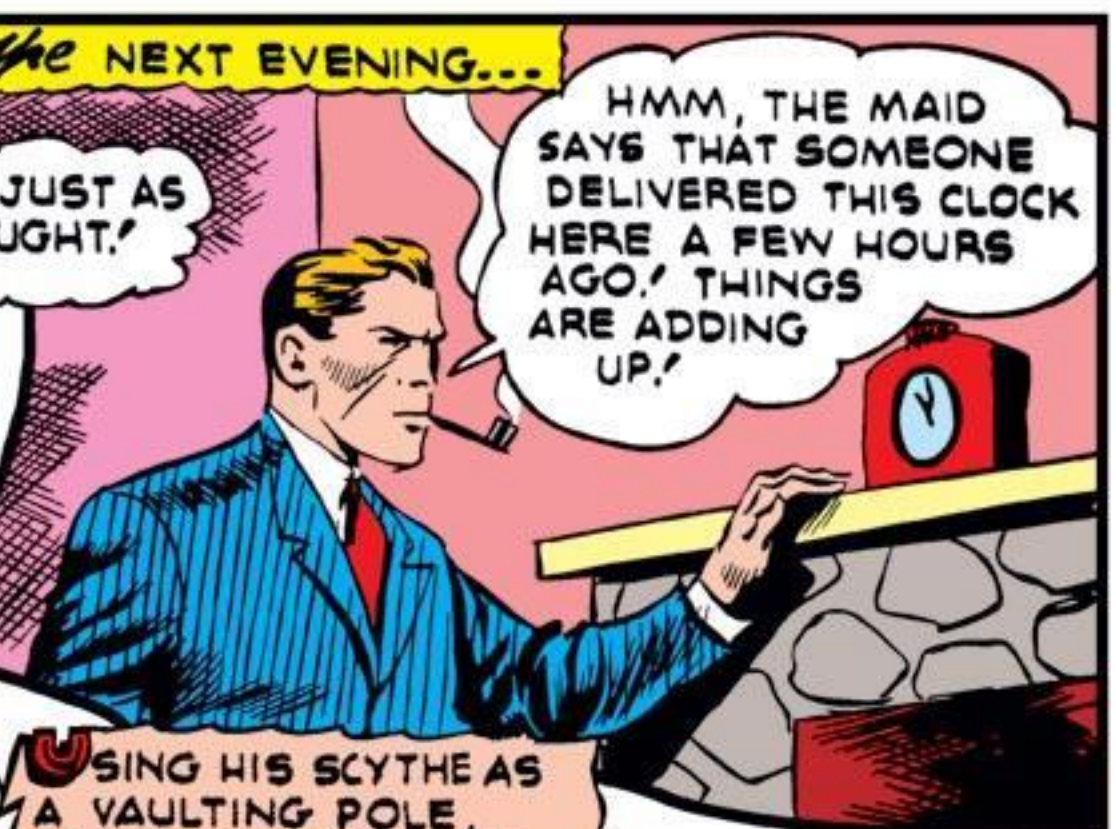


DAYS LATER WE FIND FATHER TIME PROWLING THE CITY ON A NEVER-ENDING SEARCH FOR THE CAUSE OF THE DEATHS...

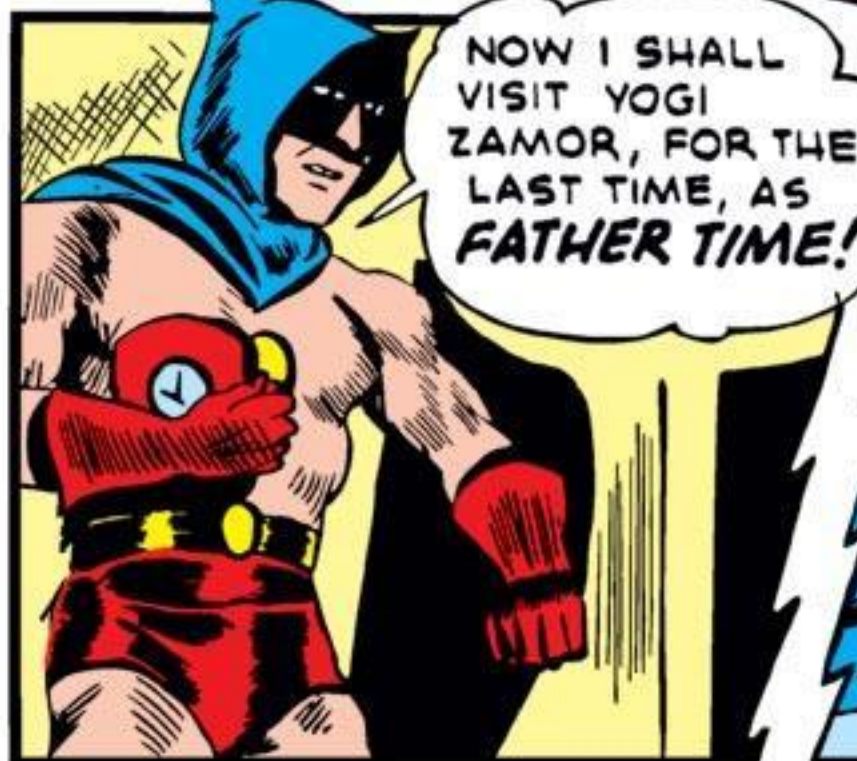


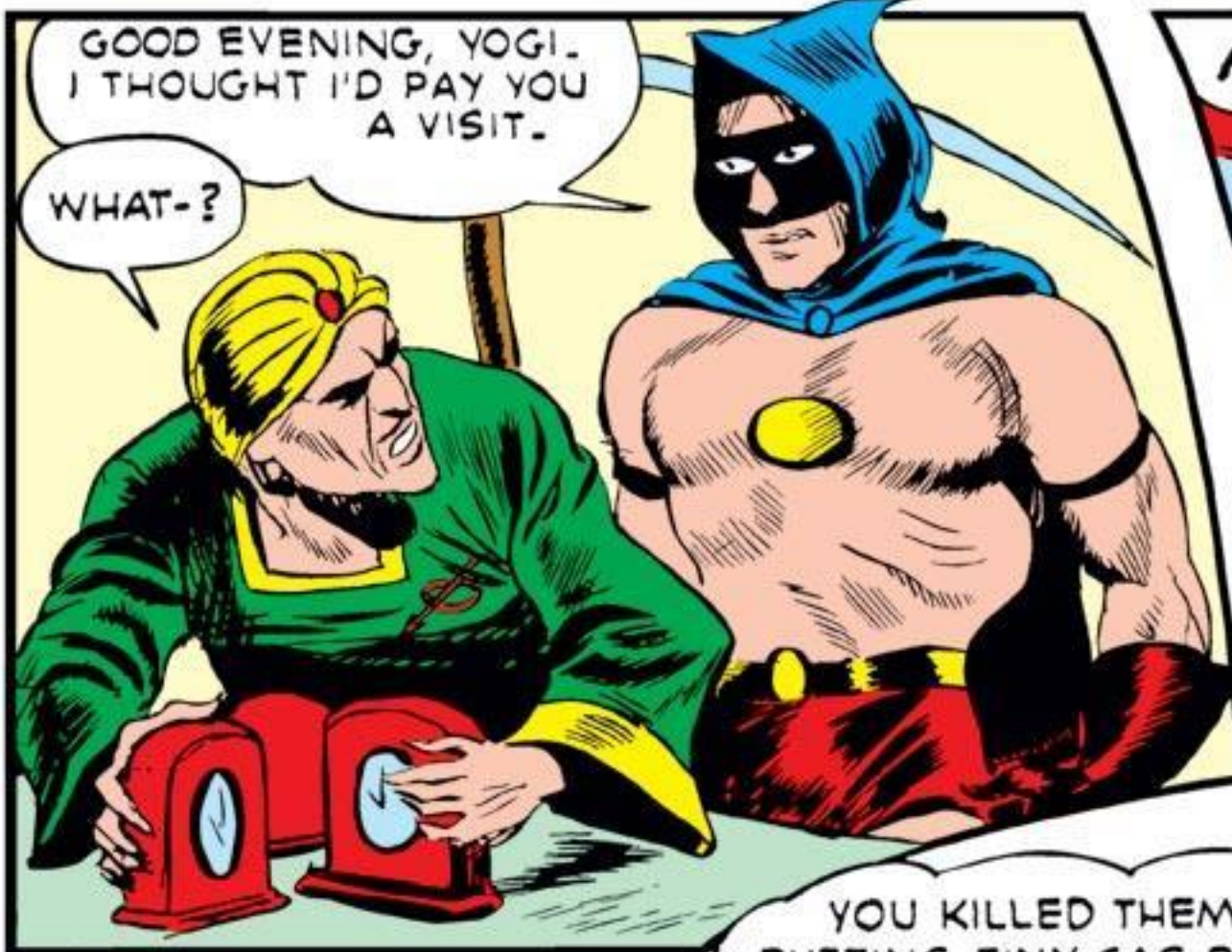
FATHER TIME CHANGES INTO HIS EVERY-DAY CLOTHES, AND ONCE AGAIN IS LARRY SCOTT, IDLE YOUNG MAN.





ONCE AGAIN, LARRY SCOTT BECOMES FATHER TIME, ADVENTURER OF EVIL...





GOOD EVENING, YOGI. I THOUGHT I'D PAY YOU A VISIT.

WHAT-?



FATHER TIME! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? HAVE DONE NOTHING!

I HAVE COME TO BRING YOU TO JUSTICE FOR THE MURDERS YOU HAVE COMMITTED!



FATHER TIME EXPOSES THE FAKE YOGI.

YOU KILLED THEM BY PUTTING TINY GAS PELLETS IN THE CLOCK WHICH YOU SENT THEM. WHEN THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK REACHED A CERTAIN HOUR, THEY HIT THE PELLETS AND LET OUT THE GAS, KILLING WHOEVER WAS NEAR!

I HAVE LOOKED UP YOUR RECORD "YOGI" YOU ARE REALLY KURT HAUSNER, NAZI AGENT. YOU PLANNED TO KILL OFF ALL MEMBERS OF THE U.S. ARMED AND DIPLOMATIC FORCES IN ORDER TO TERRORIZE OUR NATION!

YOU ARE VERY CLEVER FATHER TIME, VERY CLEVER!

THE YOGI SEIZES ONE OF THE POISON GAS PELLETS!



IF YOU COME ONE STEP CLOSER I'LL DROP THIS PELLET AND WE BOTH WILL DIE, HA HA!



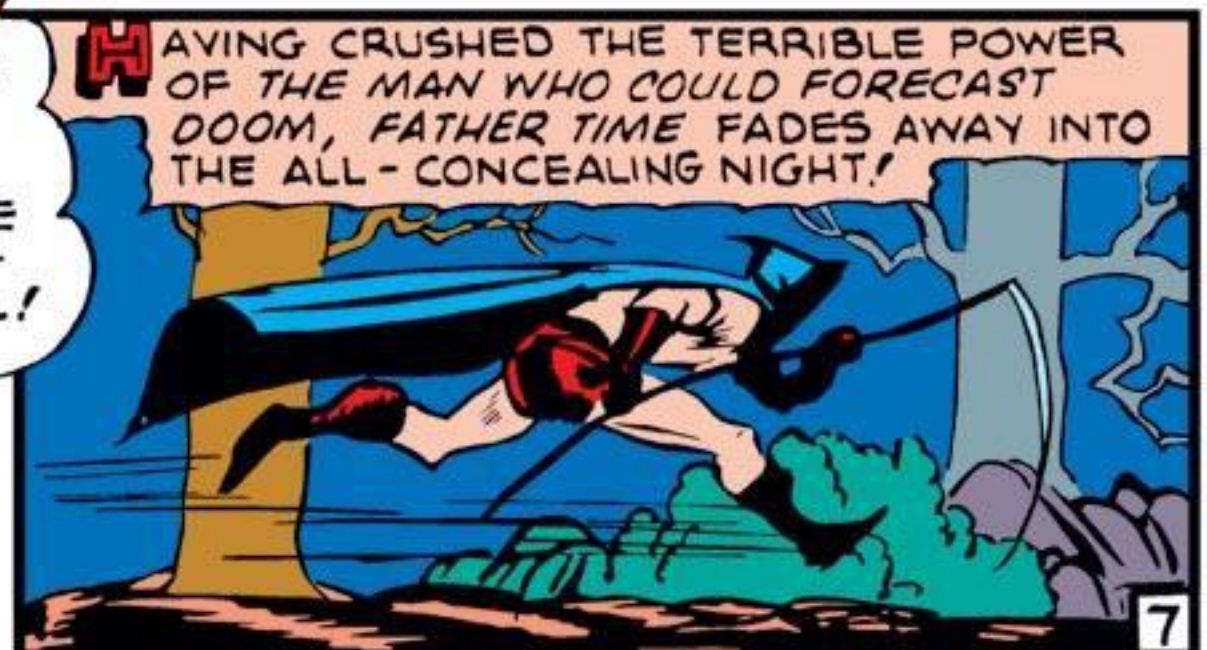
THE MADDENED YOGI DROPS THE DEADLY PELLET!

VERY WELL, FOOL, THEN WE WILL DIE! FOR THE FATHERLAND WE DIE!



DIDN'T THE YOGI KNOW THAT I COULD COVER MY FACE WITH MY CLOAK AND PROTECT MYSELF? WELL, HE'S TOO FAR GONE TO BE SAVED NOW! PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL!

AIR! AIR! UGH!



HAVING CRUSHED THE TERRIBLE POWER OF THE MAN WHO COULD FORECAST DOOM, FATHER TIME FADES AWAY INTO THE ALL-CONCEALING NIGHT!